ST. LOUIS

OUTLAW

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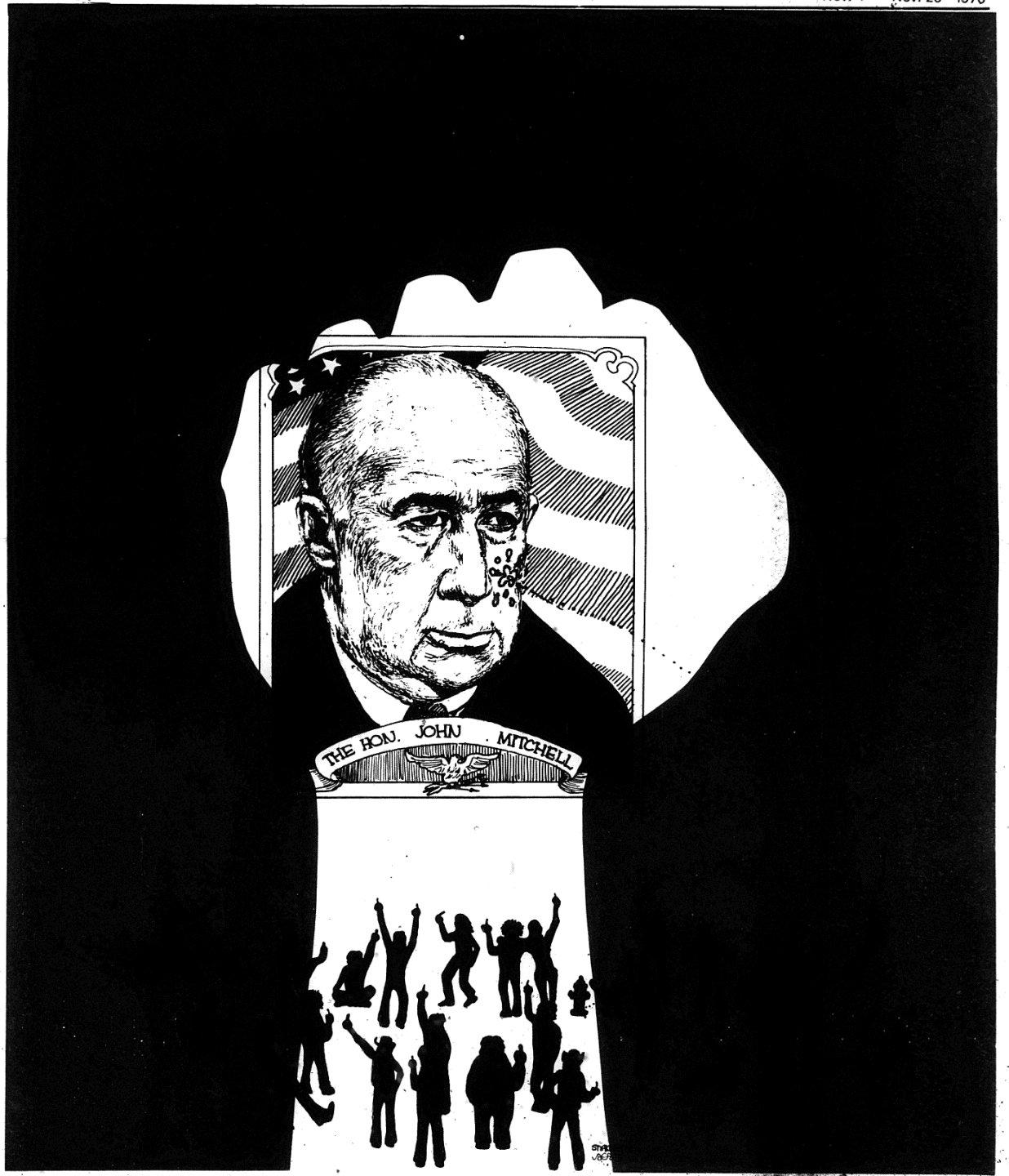
Vol. I No. 8 Nov. 4 – Nov. 26 1970



The federal trials that are going on in St. Louis this Fall go far beyond the significance of a local issue. Attorney General Mitchell and the Nixon regime have declared war on the left and have opened up their first front in St. Louis with the current federal indictments.

By establishing civil rights statutes and sabotage laws (requiring the resurrection of FDR's national emergency declaration) as 'successful' tools of prosecution, the federal government has added two more weapons to its legal arsenal. It has also served notice to radicals throughout the country that presence at a militant demonstration will lead to conviction whether or not it is proved that specific acts were committed.

Howard Mechanic is the first sacrificial lamb in the government's move to increase the number of laws under which radicals can easily be prosecuted. He and others who are soon to come to trial should not bear this burden alone; those of us who support them should be raising money to pay for their defenses; rallying people together to go to the trials; and attending the trials ourselves as a sign of solidarity with those who are facing heavy penalties.

We strongly urge that you all attend the trials and hope that we can come together to plan an assault on the Nixon-Mitchell attempt to jail the revolution.

OUTLAW 2

Peoples News

Bullets have riddled the homes of many black citizens in the southern Illinois town of Cairo. Leaders of the Cairo United Front have appealed for contributions of food, clothing, and money to help them "overcome the winter aggression of the white vigilantes." Food and clothing can be left at the CORE office, 1502 N. Union.

Inevitable Guilty Verdict Comes Down

By Tom Joad

Interferring with a policeman and a fireman during a civil disorder while they were protecting a federally-funded project: That was the charge against Howard Mechanic. In his trial last week, the first of the Federal cases stemming from the anti-ROTC struggle at Washington U. last Spring, nineteen witnesses testified for the prosecution. One of the nineteen, served as an eye-witness; the other eighteen simply described it as vivid detail as possible what happened the night of May 4th at the W.U. ROTC building.

Eighteen witnesses told repeatedly of rock-throwing, the burning of the building, assaults on people, etc. The only witness against Howard, Donald Bird, a W.U. law student, 7357 Colgate, 862-5230, testified that he saw Howard and another person throw cherry bombs at almost the same time; however, a County policeman who testified about a cherry bomb landing near his foot, claimed that he heard only one explosion.

Five witnesses testified for Howard, all affirming that they never saw any cherry bombs in his possession, nor any slingshot which Bird claimed Howard used to shoot the cherry bomb.

It did not matter, though. As Jerry Murphy, the prosecuting attorney, said, it is expected that the defendant will present witnesses, but you shouldn't believe them because they are defense witnesses. Because Howard was in fact guilty until proven innocent, obviously Federal witensses don't lie and defense witnesses do lie. Moreover, because of what happened that night, Howard Mechanic was guilty WHETHER HE DID ANYTHING OR NOT. His mere presence that night, was sufficient proof for conviction.

Howard may have had short hair for his trial, but the night of May 4th he had long hair and a beard – another reason for a conviction.

The jury found Howard guilty after deliberating almost two hours. Obviously there must have been some disagreements for the jury to stay out that long. But if a person believed Howard to be innocent, would they hold out? No, with the massive repression now setting in, no person on a jury is going to hold out for a student radical because no juror will defend a student radical.

The jury that sat there for four days looked like Middle America incarnate – nondescript, unusually quiet: the quintessence of silence. In jury selection, the defense attorneys eliminated the obvious right-wingers and the prosecutor eliminated those who at all could have been sympathetic – who, coincidentally, were all black people.

It was frightening. Those people on the jury represented not simply antagonism toward student radicals, but something much more: a belief that whatever the prosecutor said was true, whatever the government did was correct. For the jurors to return an innocent verdict would have been the same as an act, not of dissent but subversion.

Because people don't understand, they react; and the government through Spiro Agnew has convinced people that students and blacks are to blame for all the troubles. Not the ruling classes, but other people on the bottom of the ladder are to blame. Unless blacks, students, street people, and white workers realize they are all in the same trouble, and if Agnew's attempts to pit one against the other are successful, then we all lose.

No student radical let alone most blacks can get a "fair" trial anywhere in this country. The facist nature of the courts is crystal clear now. For those indicted, the choices are clear jail, underground, or leaving the country.

We have all been taught since we were little that if you were really innocent, you could win justice in the courts. BULLSHIT. The ruling class control of the courts is only now becoming absolutely clear.

Five years for throwing a cherry bomb?

Gay Liberation

GAY LIBERATION is dedicated to freedom for homosexuals to live without fear of repression and to develop points of solidarity with other oppressed peoples.

Weekly rap sessions are held on Tuesdays at 8 P.M. in the Lounge of the Women's Building on the Washington U. campus. For more information, see IMPORTANT PHONE NUMBERS.

FLQ gets it on!

MONTREAL (LNS) -- As the Front for the Liberation of Quebec (FLQ) continued to hold two kidnapped government dignitaries, and was negotiating for the release of twenty-three political prisoners, Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau slapped the revolutionaries in the face by beginning a round-up of almost a thousand "suspected FLQers and sympathizers."

Shortly after the mass arrests began, Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte, one of the two kidnapped men, was found dead in a bleak Montreal suburb, shot in the head.

By invoking the emergency War Measures Act, Trudeau virtually suspended all civil liberties in the predominantly French-speaking province. Arrests can now be made without warrants, offices broken into, and detainees kept incommunicado for three months on end without charges.

The wave of repression, including the use of armed troops in the city of Montreal, began soon after the FLQ kidnapped James Cross, British Trade Commissioner in Canada, and Laporte.

The kidnappers have demanded the release of twenty-three political prisoners. Some of them are FLQ members arrested in connection with a series of bombings that hit Quebec over the last decade. But others were imprisoned under circumstances that serve as a reminder that political repression in Quebec did not begin with Trudeau's invocation of the War Measures Act. One FLQ member was arrested and charged with "sedition" for writing a book which was entitled "White Niggers in America," and told of the plight of the Quebecois people; other French political activists are regularly arrested, detained, and released without charges. Last year, following large, popular and often violent demonstrations against pro-English legislation, all public gatherings were banned in Montreal.

The action of the FLQ, a revolutionary socialist group fighting for a Quebec independent of English and US-dominated Canada, has provoked strong reactions, both negative and positive, among the French in Quebec, who are 83 percent of the Quebec population and 43 percent of all the unemployed in Canada.

As Minister of Labor, Pierre Laporte was a despised figure who stymied the interest of Quebec's working class movements up and down the line, a man who could do nothing to stave off unemployment and misery, and a man who worked for the English. He was also an "assimilationist" who did not believe that the Quebecois are a people who have a country of their own.

He was a likely target for the FLQ kidnapping tactic, because thousands upon thousands of Quebecois have suffered under the provincial government's anti-labor positions and their frequent strike-breaking. (One of the FLQ's demands for the release of Cross and Laporte is the rehiring of postal workers who were fired in the recent mail strike.) And many, probably the majority of Quebecois, are in favor of independence for Quebec in some form.

James Cross is still alive, according to a note written by him and received by authorities; the FLQ is still holding out for the release of the 23 political prisoners. But now the government has decided to utterly destroy the FLQ, and has decided that nothing short of fascism will do. Whether it will be temporary or more permanent fascism is still an open question.

The most dangerous result of the kidnapping/execution may not be the crushing of the FLQ itself; instead the brunt of government repression is falling on the entire spectrum of the Quebec liberation movement, of which the FLQ is only a small segment. A list of some of the people rounded up in pre-dawn raids under the emergency act gives some idea of what the repression is really aimed at:

*Michel Chartrand, a radical and head of the Montreal trade union council

*almost every radical lawyer in Montreal, including Robert Lemieux, who was designated by the FLQ as an intermediary during the kidnapping crisis -- a strong slap in the face of the FLQ

*popular singers who have performed at benefits to raise money for the defense of prisoners

*local union leaders from outside Montreal

*Stanley Grey, a former lecturer at English-speaking McGill University, fired for his pro-separatist olitics

*the staff of Logos, Montreal's underground paper, whose office equipment was destroyed

*an editor of Quebec-Presse, a left-liberal weekly

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L'histoire

Quebec is a nation. Over 80 per cent of the population of Quebec speaks French. Almost half of the population lives in the cities along the St. Lawrence River; other cities like Abitibi and Chicoutimi grew up around the pillage of Quebec's natural resources, mainly mining and lumber. The remainder of the people live isolated lives on the Gaspe peninsula and the Cote Nord (North Coast of the St. Lawrence, a huge, semi-wilderness area) eking out subsistence lives as farmers and fishermen.

Thousands of Quebecois live in slums in the East End of Montreal, where the usual misery of slum-living is compounded by bitter winters and humid, hot summers. They work in the factories of General Electric, General Motors, General Dynamics, Dupont, Seagram's; they mine iron ore and copper for Noranda Mines, aluminum for Alcan, and they forest Quebec's timber for Georgia-Pacific. In other words, they do their work for American and Anglo-Canadian companies.

Eighty per cent of Quebec's economy is owned by foreign corporations; 60 per cent is American-owned. The people of Quebec are a reserve force of cheap labor for American capitalism. They receive 20 per cent lower wages than the average English worker in neighboring Ontario, and 30 per cent lower than the American worker. This economic control of the people and the land by American and Anglo-Canadian corporations thoroughly affects the political and cultural lives of the Quebecois people.

The Army was called in to occupy Quebec during the current kidnapping crisis, but this was not the first time this has happened. Over the past sixty years, the Army has occupied Quebec several times on various pretexts. During World War One, many Quebecois men refused to serve overseas, in a war that would benefit English colonialism. The bloody "conscription riots" ensued and the government had to adopt emergency measures to force the Quebecois into the Canadian services.

The Army and the Provincial Police have also been called in to repress some of the violent strikes by Quebecois against Anglo-Canadian and U.S. corporations. The brutal repression of various strikes, i.e. the Asbestos strike of 1949 and the strike in

Murdochville in 1957, have become part of every Quebecois' political consciousness. Last year even the police found it necessary to strike (over attempts to appropriate their pension fund) but were prevented from doing so by an injunction. Following a week and a half of massive demonstrations in late October, 1969 against Bill 63 [a bill designed to maintain English supremacy through a system of separate education in English and French school systems (new immigrants would have an option to have their children learn English or French, but given the economic state in Quebec, it was clear that all new immigrants would elect to have their children grow up English); the system segregates Quebec society by class as well as language -- the English system is for the upper class, the French system for the workers.] the Montreal City Council moved to ban all demonstrations. Repression has long been used against the people of Quebec, and the resurgence of the separatist movement in the sixties has brought it back.

The struggle for independence, for economic self-determination, has been carried on both aboveground and underground. The student movement, workers' study groups, mass propaganda and "comites ouvrieres (workers' committees)" in working-class

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FLQ Manifesto

The Front de Liberation du Quebec is not the Messiah, nor a modern-day Robin Hood. It is a group of working people of Quebec who are committed to do everything they can for the people of Quebec to take their destiny into their hands.

The F.L.Q. wants the total independence of the Quebecois, brought together in a free society, purged forever of its band of voracious sharks, the patronage-dispensing 'big bosses' and their servants who have made Quebec into their private preserve of cheap labor and of exploitation without scruple.

The F.L.Q. is a movement not of aggression but of response to aggression – the aggression organized by high finance through the marionettes of the federal and the provincial governments...

The F.L.Q. finances itself through voluntary (sic) taxes taken from the corporations which exploit the working people (banks, finance companies, etc.)

We believed, once, that it was worth the effort to channel our energies, our impatience which Rene Levesque (leader of the moderate separatist Parti Quebecois) expresses so well, within the Parti Quebecois; but the Liberal victory shows clearly that what is called a democracy in Quebec is, and always has been, nothing but the democracy of the rich. The Liberals' victory in this way is nothing but the victory of the Simard-Cotroni (corporate) election riggers. As a result, British parliamentarianism is finished, and the F.L.Q. will never let itself be diverted by the electoral crumbs which the Anglo-Saxon capitalists toss into the Quebec lower courtyard every four years. Numbers of Quebecois have understood, and they are going to act. Bourassa in the year to come will see an idea ripen: 100,000 revolutionary working peole, organized and armed.

We live in a society of terrorized slaves, terrorized by the big bosses, Steinberg, Clark, Brofman, Smith, Neapole, Timmons, Geoffrion, J.-L. Levesque, Hershorn, Thompson, Nesbitt, Desmarais, Kierans...

Terrorized by the capitalist Roman Church, even if this seems less and less obvious (but who owns the Stock Exchange Tower?), by payments to Household Finance, by the advertising of the masters of consumption Eaton's, Morgan's, Simpsons', Steinberg's, General Motors....; terrorized by the closed precincts of knowledge and culture called universities and by their ape-directors Gaudry and Derais and the sub-ape Robert Shaw...

Our numbers are growing, we who know and are ground down by this terrorist society; and the day is approaching when all the Westmounts of Quebec will disappear from the map.

Working people in the factories, in the mines and in the forest, working people in the service industries, teachers, students, unemployed: take what belongs to you, your labor, your determination, and your freedom.

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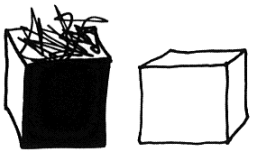
black occupation at normandy high school



By Dru Lipsitz

In high schools across the country, students who recognize the racism, sexism, lies, and irrelevancy of the current educational system are uniting to change the schools. Many students are seeing their struggles no longer in terms of student power but in a larger societal context. In the future these struggles will become more widespread and more frequent.

On October 17th, black students at Normandy High School occupied one of the main buildings on campus. The occupation was the climax of a period of high racial tension and the students who participated had specific demands of the administration. Before the occupation there had been no unity or organization among the black students, though many shared common grievances. Unity was achieved during the takeover and students and administrators both realized that with that unity came power to effect change.

In an interview with the Outlaw, several black students who took part in the action discussed the situation at Normandy.

At the Normandy - Ritenour football game on October 11th, a fight broke out when white students from Ritenour shouted epithets at several black Normandy students. Police blamed the black students for the trouble. One of the blacks, who at the time was on suspension from school, was rumored to have a gun. However, when a policeman drew his gun on the student and searched him, no weapon could be found.

As the heated exchange continued a policeman, with no provocation, hit one of the black girls present with his club. Later when school officials heard of the suspended student's presence during the incident at the game, he was suspended again - this time for being at a school activity while on suspension.

The following week petty fights occurred at Normandy between blacks and whites. It was rumored that there might be a riot on Friday caused by the white reaction to the week's incidents. On Thursday night, October 16th, about 60 black students met to discuss how the situation should be dealt with. They saw the need for black unity and recognized that the problem was the administration's racism and its efforts to keep students divided. To direct tensions toward the administration, they decided to occupy East Hall, one of the school's main classroom buildings, and present the following demands:

1. A complete investigation of the incidents at the Normandy - Ritenour football game.
2. A Black Student Union.
3. A Black Studies Program with black teachers.
4. More black administrators, counselors and teachers.
5. Amnesty for all blacks occupying the building.
6. Investigation of teacher harassment. (The occupation was to be a symbolic reprimand of racist teachers.)
7. Fair and equal representation in all activities.

Early Friday morning 200 black students peacefully occupied East Hall. Both male and female students participated in making decisions, in acting as spokesmen and in guarding the building's entrances. School administrators arranged to meet later in the day with representatives of the black students.

Meanwhile school was closed for the day and buses bringing students to the second shift at nine a.m. were notified to take the students back home. Many black students on those buses had heard about the situation and came to join their brothers and sisters in the building. The occupation force grew to about 360 out of a black enrollment of 500.

The blacks in the building discussed their demands with the new arrivals and chose 16 representatives. The representatives then met with administrators and agreed to a meeting Sunday including the representatives, black parents, the school's administration and members of the board of education. The school's response to the demands was to be stated at that time. The students occupying East Hall then left to await the outcome of Sunday's meeting.

On Sunday the black parents present spoke in support of the black students, and the school officials announced their decisions about the demands - all were to be met except two. The school stated that it could not allow an exclusive group on campus. (They do maintain boys-only football, however. A Black Student Union is now being formed off campus.)

The administration also stated, in an attempt to extricate itself from white parent-student backlash, and at the same time protect itself from more trouble from black students, that the leaders of the occupation should be punished but that it was impossible to determine who those leaders were without mistakenly punishing some who were only "exercising poor judgment."

In the week following the takeover, those white students who were hostile to the black action tried to organize a building takeover of their own to show that they would not be outdone by blacks and to pressure the school into rejecting the black demands. They were unable to pull it off, however, due to lack of support, lack of unity, and lack of planning. The black students do not anticipate organized white reaction on a large scale.

Several white students who supported the blacks circulated a leaflet the week after the action calling for student unity against the administration and calling for an end to the dress code, a pass-fail grading system and the creation of a student smoking lounge. The response to the leaflet has been unclear and it seems that the majority of the white students at the school are apathetic about the entire sequence of events.

The black students interviewed feel that although racism could not be completely done away with in the current educational system, the action was significant. Some real gains were made: the political awareness of those who participated was definitely raised, and the strength of unity was clearly shown. If the administration fails to meet the demands, the black students are united and prepared to take further action.

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Leila Khaled

NEW YORK (LNS) - Palestinian commando Leila Khaled became internationally famous in September when she was arrested in an unsuccessful hijack attempt. Her male companion was killed, but Leila was finally released from a British jail in exchange for scores of hostages held by the guerillas in Jordan.

Leila was in charge of the successful hijacking in August, 1969, of a TWA Boeing jet scheduled to fly from Rome to Athens. She and her assistant blew the plane up in Damascus, Syria. Leila later gave the following account to journalist G.H. Jansen, former editor of the Middle East Forum.

Isn't it something awful that I could see my home town again only when I hijacked a plane? But there it was – Haifa – away on the left just past the pilot's head as I sat behind him looking out of the cockpit windows. As we came down to 12,000 feet for the approach to Lydda airport the whole lovely coast of my country, occupied Palestine, which some people call "Israel" came into sight.

It was a fine clear day, but I had little time to enjoy the view because we were approaching the most exciting and dangerous point of our adventure. Although the pilot had so far done everything I told him, would he, somehow, land the plane at Lydda? Or would the Israelis be able to force us to land?

It had all begun two days earlier in Rome. This was my first visit to Europe and Rome is a wonderful city. I was very tired when I arrived and slept for ten hours solid.

Then the evening before the flight I walked through the city from the Borghese Gardens to the Fountain of Trevi. Of course, I threw the traditional coins in the fountain which means, I hope, that I'll see Rome again: but will the Italians let me in next time?

There was a woman singer in a cafe near the fountain and I just sat and listened for two hours. The only other things I did were to buy myself a bottle of French perfume and to confirm my booking for the flight next day to Athens at the TWA office.

I couldn't eat dinner that night and it was three in the morning before I could get to sleep and when I awoke I had no appetite for breakfast either. I was hungry, but I'm accustomed to hunger because of my commando training and also because, when I was young, there were times when there wasn't very much food at home.

In the morning – this was the 29th August – I had to do some shopping at a very chic shop on the Via Veneto. I bought some very big sunglasses, a leather shoulder bag and a large brimmed hat which alone cost 15,000 lira. Wickedly expensive I know, but this was all part of the uniform – I had to look like someone who usually travelled first-class.

Back at the hotel I got dressed. I'm not very interested in clothes but it seemed a waste of money to have things burnt when we blew up the plane after landing so I put as little as possible into my suitcase. I put two dresses in my handbag and wore two trouser suits, one on top of the other. The lower one, with psychedelic flowers, was borrowed and I wanted to return it; the top one was in very smart white cotton, sleeveless, and I wore sandals.

Because Flight 840 was late we had to wait an extra half hour in the lounge. I spotted the young man who was the other member of the "Che Guevara" commando unit. I didn't know him and had only seen his picture. Apart from a secret sign of recognition we took no notice of each other.

This extra wait was an anxious time and two other things upset me before we got on the plane. I noticed an

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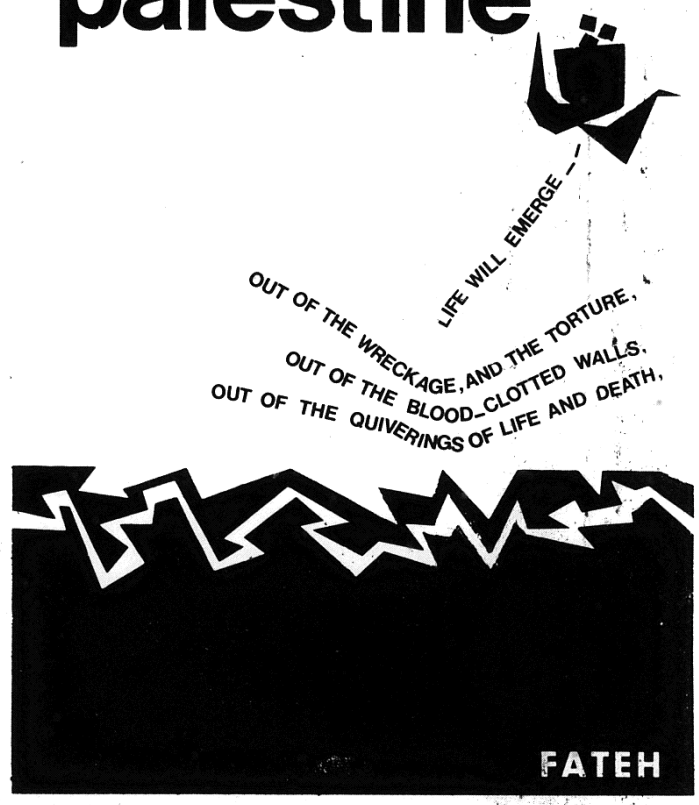
palestine



Address of Dr. George Habash, Secretary General of the Central Committee of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), to residents of the captured Jordan Intercontinental Hotel in Amman at 5 a.m. on June 12th, 1970.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I feel that it is my duty to explain to you why we did what we did. I hope that you will understand, or at least try to understand. We, the Palestinians, for the last twenty-two years have been living in camps and tents. We were driven out of our country, our houses and our lands, driven out like sheep and left here in refugee camps in very inhumane conditions. For twenty-two years people have been waiting to restore their rights but nothing happened.

Three years ago circumstances became favorable, our people could carry arms to defend their cause and start to fight to restore their rights, to go back to their country and liberate it. After twenty-two years of injustice, inhumanity, living in camps, with nobody to care for us, we felt that we have the very full right to protect our revolution. Our code of morals is our revolution. What saves our revolution, what helps our revolution, what protects our revolution is right because our revolution means justice, means having back our homes, having back our country, which is a very just and noble aim.

We don't wake up in the morning to have a cup of milk with Nescafe and then spend a half an hour before the mirror thinking of flying to Switzerland or having one month in this country or that country. We don't have the thousands or millions of dollars that you in America and Britain have. We live daily lives in camps. Our wives wait for the water, whether it will come at ten o'clock or three o'clock in the afternoon. We cannot be as calm as you can. We cannot think as you think.

We have lived in this condition, not for one day, not for two days, but for twenty-two years. If any one of you comes to these camps and stays for one or two weeks, he will be affected. He cannot think and handle things regardless of the conditions he will be living in.

When our revolution started three years ago, so many attempts were planned to strike it. Actually all commando organizations after June, 1967, started and their eyes aimed at the conquered land. America is against us. We know this very well. We feel this very well. We felt it last year from the aid of the Phantoms. America is against our revolution. They work to crush our revolution. They work through the reactionary regimes in Jordan and Lebanon. They tried it on the fourth of November in 1968. Nevertheless, during events here, of us were aiming for the conquered land.

A second attempt, four months ago, on the tenth of February, and during the last week we lived the third attempt. These dates are the peaks only, when their attempts reached a certain level. Every time we lost men, we lost blood, we give sacrifices. On the tenth of February there were something like fifty casualties at least. Regarding this third attempt from the reactionary regime to smash our revolution – and the people who live here in Jordan know it very well and feel it very well – the reactionary regime started this. We cannot base our revolution on lies. I am talking facts here.

Here, we felt that we have all the right in the world to protect our revolution. We remembered all the miseries, all the injustices, our people and the conditions they lived in, the coldness with which world opinion looks at our case, and so we felt we will not permit them to crush us. We will defend ourselves and our revolution by every way and every means, because, as I told you, our code of morals is our revolution. So we made counterplans deciding we should win. One of the items in this plan was you; what happened here. We feel that we have the full right to make pressure here on the reactionary regime and in America and all forces, and this will be a winning card in our hand. We are really determined. We were not joking.

We were fully determined to blow this hotel and the Philadelphia Hotel on one condition and in one circumstance. We were very keen not to lose our nerve. We were very keen on this, in case we would feel that (the reactionaries) are determined by their tanks, artillary and airplanes, to smash us. You are not better than our people. In the last incidents there were something like five hundred casualties, the least number, believe me, the least number.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time we manage a hotel. Our men I am sure know how to fight very well, but I don't know to what extent they were good at managing a hotel. Instructions were very clear. I hope they succeeded in this. I think we always helped you by keeping our nerves. The day before yesterday Al-wahdat Camp was shelled for more than half an hour. Anyone of us can go to the camp and see the places affected. It is very natural to start thinking at that time of executing (you). We held our nerves very well.

You have to excuse my English. From the personal side, let me say, I am sorry to you. I am sorry about the troubles for three or four days. But from a revolutionary point of view, we feel and continue to feel, that we have the very, very full right to do what we did.

Thank you very

Woman Guerrilla Liberates Plane . . .

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American lady with four young children who seemed very happy and excited about their trip. I then realised, with a shock, that something dreadful could happen to them if anything went wrong. I love children and I wanted to tell the lady not to travel on this flight. But when I thought of some of our Palestinian children, who had nothing in life, I felt a bit stronger and braver.

The second incident was in the bus going out to the plane. A man sat next to me and asked me where I was from, and I let him believe I was from Bolivia. Then he told me that he was a Greek returning to Athens after spending 15 years in Chicago and that his widowed mother would be waiting at the airport.

This was another shock. I felt it particularly because we Palestinians know what it is to be away from one's country and I too had a widowed mother waiting for me at home. He went on talking but I didn't hear the rest of what he said.

My friend and I were in the first-class because that section is nearer the cockpit. But there were only five first-class passengers in all, so that the three cabin crew fussed over us a great deal, which was exactly what we did not want. Not long after take-off, the two of us seated ourselves in the front row nearest the cabin door. We both refused drinks before lunch--I don't drink anyway--and we both refused lunch, because we didn't want to have trays on our laps hemming us in. But when the stewardess exclaimed at this, and so as not to be conspicuous, I ordered coffee and my friend a beer. He also asked for a pill to suggest that he was feeling ill.

We didn't get rid of the cabin crew that easily. Instead of lunch they brought us a huge trolley laden with fruits and cakes and, to our dismay, parked it in front of us to help ourselves, completely blocking the way to the cabin door.

We had been ordered to take over the plane 30 minutes to an hour after take-off since the Rome-Athens flight takes only 90 minutes, and we were approaching the deadline. We didn't want to ask the hostesses to remove the trolley because that could have appeared suspicious. Finally, after what seemed an age, she took it away and another passenger, who had been using the lounge seat right next to the cabin door also moved away.

The way was clear and we could get into the cabin without having to frighten anyone-- that's the one thing we wanted to avoid: frightened people can do foolish things.

I asked for a blanket and the hostess tucked it in around me. My friend gave me a strange look, wondering whether I was becoming afraid. To reassure him I took out my toilet case and combed my hair. Then I looked at my watch and showed him five fingers signalling that in five minutes we would go into action--I was in charge of the operation. Underneath the blanket--and this was why I wanted it--I took a pistol out of my shoulder bag and tucked it into the top of my pants and then a grenade and took out the safety pin.

Just as everything was ready, one of the hostesses carrying a tray came out of the cabin door; it opened outwards and she held it open with her elbow. We took this chance. My friend, holding his pistol and grenade, brushed across the front of the hostess and through the door. When the hostess saw the weapons she screamed, "Oh No," and threw her tray down-- that was the only violence we had in the plane during the whole journey.

As we went towards the cockpit my friend called out, "Don't move. Now you have to listen to the orders of the new captain." While he was speaking he heard the captain saying into his radio: "Two armed men have come into the cabin. This is a hi-jacking."

My part in the actual takeover was to stand facing down the plane to control the passengers with my pistol and grenade. But when I stood up with the grenade in my hand and reached for my pistol, I felt the pistol slipping down my leg inside my trousers. I hadn't eaten for a day and the waist-band was loose.

It was such an anti-climax that I laughed. Instead of brandishing a pistol there I was bending over with my back to the passengers and fumbling for my weapon up the leg of my trousers of two trousers actually. The captain swivelled round in his seat to see the new captain but all he could see of "him" was the top of a large, white, lady's hat.

Having retrieved the wretched pistol I put it into my pocket, never to take it out again--too scaring and too much like Hollywood.

You can't imagine the look of total astonishment on the face of the captain when I went into the cockpit and announced, "I'm the new captain." Poor man, what did he see? --me, in my sleeveless suit, floppy hat and sandals. "I'm the new captain," I said, "take this as a souvenir--it is the safety pin from this grenade" and held it under his nose. "It's a free hand grenade now. If you don't listen to my orders, I'll use it and the plane and everyone in it will be blown up."

"What do you want?" the pilot asked. "Proceed directly to Lydda airport." "To Lydda?" the co-pilot queried, "aren't we going to Athens?" "You understand Engligh," I said to him.

We sat down in the two seats just behind the pilot. The grenade was in my left hand and it stayed there every minute until we landed. My friend put his away but he kept his pistol out.

I asked the captain to give me his wireless headset and he was so flustered that he tried to put it on over my hat. "Excuse my hat," I said and pushed it back. I had had a ribbon specially sewn on so that I could hang it round my neck: I very much wanted to save that hat, too.

I tried to raise Rome airport but there was no answer. I then turned to the flight engineer and asked, "How many fuel hours of flight do you have?" I knew the answer because I had read this off the fuel gauge. I was sure he would tell me a lie and he did: "Two hours," he said. "Liar. I know you have three and a half hours. It's there on the fuel gauge. Why did you lie to me? The next time I ask you anything and you lie to me I'll break your neck."

"Why are you so angry?" the captain asked. "Because I don't like liars," I replied. I wasn't really angry. I wanted to scare them a little so that they would take orders. The flight engineer said not a word for the rest of the flight.

The time was now about 15.20 hours.

The dials and switches and lights in a plane's cockpit may seem bewildering but we had been thoroughly trained and I knew what the dials meant. I had a thorough knowledge of the Boeing 707.

Having put the crew in its place the next thing was to speak to the passengers on the intercom. Our message was this:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Your attention please. Kindly fasten your seatbelts. This is your new Captain speaking. The Che Guevara Commando Unit of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine which has taken over command of this TWA flight demands that all passengers on board should adhere to the following instructions:

1--Remain seated and keep calm.

2--For your own safety, place your hands behind your head.

3--Make no move which would endanger the lives of other passengers on the plane.

4--We will consider all your demands within the safe limits of our plan.

Ladies and Gentlemen, among you is a passenger responsible for the death and misery of a number of Palestinian men women and children, on behalf of whom we are carrying out this operation to bring this assassin before a revolutionary Palestinian court.

The rest of you will be honorable guests of the heroic Palestinian Arab people in a hospitable, friendly country. Everyone of you regardless of religion or nationality is guaranteed the freedom to go wherever he pleases as soon as the plane is safely landed.

Ladies and Gentlemen, our destination is a friendly country, and friendly people will receive you.

Thank you for your cooperation. We wish you a happy journey.

The person we were after was General Rabin (the former Israeli Chief of Staff) whom we knew had been booked on that flight. But he seemed to have changed plans at the last minute. I suppose prominent Israelis find it safer to travel on airlines other than El Al nowadays. Then I broadcast our message to the world:

The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine informs you that its Che Guevara Commando Unit is now in complete control of the Boeing plane belonging to Trans World Airlines, Flight No. 840, on its way from Rome to Lydda airport in the Occupied Palestinian Arab territory.

Captain Shadia Abu-Ghazali, who has taken over command of this plane, and her colleagues request all those concerned to use the following call sign in their communication with the aircraft: POPULAR FRONT--FREE ARAB PALESTINE. And let it be clear that unless the above-mentioned call sign is used in communicating with the plane, we will not care to respond. Thank you.

Shadia Abu-Ghazali was my code name. The original Shadia was a girl resistance fighter in PFLP [She was killed in October, 1968, at the age of 21.]

After this I handed over our new route map to the captain. We did not follow the usual air traffic lane over Athens and Nicosia. Instead, we went straight down the Greek coast, then southeast over Heraklion in Crete and eastward to Lydda. Not a very interesting flight because it was almost all over the sea at 33,000 feet.

When the captain went on to the new course I noticed that he kept on turning to port so as to go south-westward. He may have been trying to take it up to the American Wheelus airbase near Tripoli in Libya. But I was watching the compass and ordered him back on course. After that I told him exactly when to turn and on to what bearing number on the compass.

After 15 minutes my friend reminded me that the passengers still had their hands above their heads. I looked into the cabin and so they did. I apologized for inconveniencing them and asked the hostess to serve them with whatever they wanted to eat and drink, champagne if they wanted it. Otherwise, throughout the flight we had no contact with the passengers or cabin crew.

We tried hard to get on to friendly terms with the three crew members but had no luck. We asked them if they wanted anything to eat or drink but they refused. We offered them our cigarettes but they refused those too. They didn't ask a single question about us. From time to time the captain would turn around, look at me and shake his head unbelievingly. The only human contact was when the co-pilot, like a child in school, asked if he could go to the toilet.

The pilot kept glancing at the grenade in my left hand, so finally to reassure him, I put my arm across his back and tapped him on the left shoulder with the grenade: "Listen I'm accustomed to this thing. Don't be

→17

Unusual Underground Films

By Julie Daggett

Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising* is ostensibly about a motorcycle gang's activities, accompanied by a soundtrack of early 60's rock 'n' roll and this is the level on which the film enjoyed its commercial success. But the pleasures of *Scorpio* lie not only in its light sarcasm and pop music but also, and more importantly, in its treatment of the theme.

Anger's main interest here is in the Leather Boys' rituals, attended by homosexuality and death wish. None of Anger's characters act spontaneously or casually but rather meticulously and out of reverence to a higher code. A motorcycle being tuned up, pants being put on, cigarette being lit – all are done with the intentness of a religious fanaticist. And indeed, Anger is fully aware of the fact that ritual is merely an emotional panacea and substitute for existential freedom, for midway through the film he begins to intercut the preparations of the gang with footage from H. B. Warner's *King of Kings* and shots of Hitler and swastikas.

Not only is Anger paralleling the ritualism of pop culture, religion, and politics, but he is also propounding the thesis of the inherent drive to death in each. The activities of the cyclists during most of the film is only a build-up to their ultimate "wipeout" expressed on the soundtrack by the song of that title) and Anger alternated the scenes of their party (a homosexual orgy) with shots of Christ's activities in Jerusalem a week before his death, and of Hitler and Nazism, which are synonymous with death.

Although the theme is serious enough, the general tone and atmosphere of *Scorpio* is humorous. The mere fact that Anger chose to accompany the action with songs such as "Blue Velvet," "My Boyfriend's Back in Town," "Party Lights," shows that, happily, Anger doesn't take it all *too* seriously. (His cuts of Christ into the action are to the tunes of "He's a Rebel" and "Where He Goes I'll Follow").

This use of pop songs is probably one of the most successful marriages between sight and sound in the cinema. Anger has so welded the lyrics of the songs to the action Scorpio that the film is inconceivable without them. Just as the visuals would be greatly weakened without the music, the songs themselves – inane little tunes – have no meaning without the visuals.

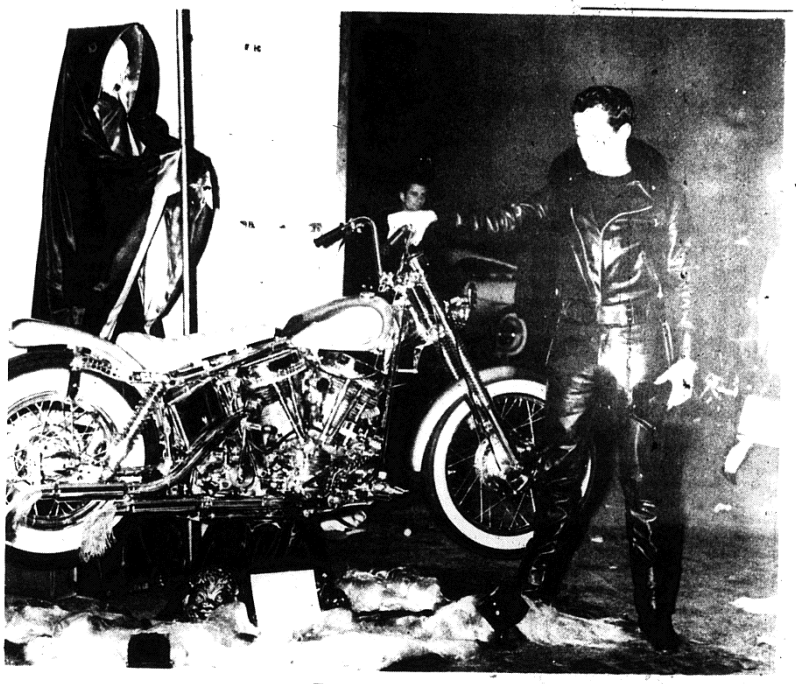
But the overall success of *Scorpio* lies in Anger's technical achievement as an editor. Like the Russian film theorists of the twenties, Anger realizes that the creative element of the cinema – that which makes film art – is editing.

The ideas in the film, though naive, may be interesting, and the use of music clever, but they would be completely empty without the manipulation of them into a cinematically coherent whole. Anger accomplishes this by selecting details of the cyclists' cult and ritual and alternating shots of them to form a significant pattern which tells the audience more about a motorcycle gang than the myriad movies out of Hollywood. And as the film progresses he conveys the increasing hysteria and chaos of the events leading to death by quick and even flash cuts (some are only two or four frames long). And of course Anger's theme itself is based upon the juxtaposition between the boys, Christ and Hitler. Thus by taking desparate elements, parts of the whole, and then forming them into a rythmic structure, Anger creates what is, and will remain, a small masterpiece of cinematic delight.

****

Whereas Kenneth Anger's films are strictly cinema, Robert Downey's movies are for the most part mere vehicles for his own peculiar brand of humor. Technically speaking, Downey's are almost always sloppy (the exception is *No More Excuses*, which Downey did not edit himself). *Chafed Elbows* is very typical of Downey's unevenness as a filmmaker. It concerns the New York odyssey of a Walter Dinsmore through various experiences, such as sleeping with his mother, seeing his psychiatrist, meeting a foot fetishist in a church, and so on.

There are moments of genuine humor in the movie, which make it worth seeing, but the overall effort is weak, simply because Downey so often seems to lack control over his subject matter. However, Downey's films are interesting if only for the fact that they demonstrate the emergence of the underground mind into the commercial film world. *Chafed Elbows* is not as good as *No More Excuses* but it is better than *Putney Swope*.



write on!

Serve the People

Dear Brothers and Sisters of the OUTLAW:

Rather than just be a sounding board for political analyses alone, the paper could be serving an important community function. What about a FOOD section in every issue? If the freaks that read the Globe-Disposal can tell their readers how to prepare straight meals, why couldn't the freaks that read this rag send in their favorite recipes? We can fuck the system in a good way if we start making our own homemade bread instead of eating the bleached out honk shit that the Magic Markup sells. Some people might dig on the macrobiotic philosophy and recipes. It's easy and good for you, too. With the countless weeds and herbs growing wild no one should starve! It's as close as your local vacant lot.

Ever heard of STP-serve the people, save the pot, stop the pig? If credit has been ripping us off the whole time, why not use it for free? Readers, send in your favorite credit card tricks. Free phone calls, Free food. Only deal righteously with those businesses that give you a fair deal and respect your human rights. Spread the word on preservation in Honk Amerika. Where to get clothes, furniture, apartments, or other things cheap or free. Where can travellers go for work or a crash pad? One last thing. If anyone knows how-to-fix-it, tell me. My refrigerator keeps going out.

Love and STP for your body and mind

Bruce

Hard Hats

Editor:

There is a growing movement all across Amerika which is bent on destroying the Revolution. The Hard Hats are getting stronger in St. Louis, and if they aren't stopped, they can screw us up pretty bad. These people support genocide, mass murder, mass suicide, and preserving the general Bull Shit, all under the false name of Patriotism.

During their parade in downtown St. Louis last summer they repeatedly attacked our brothers and sisters without provocation. One woman, who went to watch this farce, and who was opposed to the War, was pushing her baby carriage along on the sidewalk as the parade passed. She and her husband had painted the carriage with peace symbols and anti-war slogans for the occassion.

The Hard Hats saw the buggy and screamed "Honorable victory in Vietnam!" She yelled "Peace now!" whereupon the maniacs shoved her and the baby carriage aside, and started to beat the shit out of her husband. One of the Hats flipped her the bird and she answered with the peace sign. She was arrested for disturbing the peace and other totally false charges, tried, and fined $200, an outrageous sum for such charges. "Witnesses" (other Hard Hats and pseudo patriots) claimed she "gave the finger and shouted obscenities."

Many other incidents occurred like this and our people alaways came out the losers, either on the scene or in court.

This oppression has gone far enough. The Hard Hats, the corrupt Administration, and the pigs who murdered students at Kent State and Kansas U. may not know it, but they are begging for total revolution, and, god damn it, we ought to give it to them.

Don Mangogna

In reply: A successful revolution in Amerika depends on uniting with our real friends to defeat our real enemies. The whole idea of the Hard Hats is to direct our anger at workers while workers direct their anger at us. We can deny Nixon and his rich businessmen friends a big victory if we don't fall for his trap, and unite with other people who are angry at what's happening in this country to smash the forces that really are causing fascism – the ruling clique of businessmen and politicians.

The Labor Faction

Right On!

Dear Editor:

Recently I received in the mail a copy of your St. Louis OUTLAW and I must say I was really impressed.

Although the town in which I live is entirely white there are a great many citizens here who are all for the Blacks in their fight for equal rights. They shall overcome! I am only surprised that it took them so long to begin to act against the countless injustices they and their ancestors have suffered, at the hands of the bigots who call themselves Christians in this country.

I own the only poster "head" shop in the entire Southwestern section of Idaho and I truly want to start carrying the Outlaw here in my shop to help the citizens of Idaho become more aware of some of the problems in other parts of the nation. We are a city of relatively no social problems, we have never had a violent college demonstration and when we tried to hold a peaceful demonstration against the war on moratorium day of 1970 we were forcefully dispersed by the pigs. But because we are a town of little social friction I feel that the people begin to overlook important problems elsewhere in the nation that effect us all. They need to be made aware and become involved, if not physically then mentally, but they must have the true situations brought before them. Our paper, the Times-News, is so conservative that it's really unbelievable, thus nothing of grave importance to the social climate is ever presented. I believe the Outlaw along with other such papers as the Chicago Seed and the Northwest Passage of Washington will help inform our [illegible] the-times community.

Sandra Trussell

Twin Falls, Idaho

5 down; 4 to go

NEW HAVEN (LNS) – Black Panthers Rose Smith, Peggy Hudgins, and George Edwards have spent the last 16 months in Connecticut jails. They have been held without bail because the charges against them were capital, and in Connecticut bail can not be set for capital offenses. Now, after the trial of their fellow defendant, Lonnie McLucas, (who was acquitted of three of four counts in connection with the same incident), Rose and Peggy are free and George soon will be as well.

State's Attorney Arnold Markle failed to provide enough evidence to convict Lonnie of conspiracy to kidnap, kidnapping resulting in death, and binding with criminal intent. Apparently, he has now realistically evaluated his chances of gaining conviction on Peggy, Rose, and George, because he has agreed to allow each of them to plead guilty to the much lighter charge of aggravated assault. This charge carries a maximum penalty of five years and Rose and Peggy received suspended sentences.

What all of this means for the entire New Haven Nine case is that Markle is so unsure of his case that he has chosen to allow three defendants to plead to a charge which can be of no use to him in his desperate attempts to convict Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale, rather than take them to trial and face another defeat.

There are now four Panthers left to be tried. They are Ericka Huggins, Landon Williams, Rory Hithe and Bobby Seale. Landon and Rory are in Colorado, still fighting extradition to Connecticut. Ericka and Bobby are on trial together with pre-trial motions having begun on September 29.

Your CIA In Action

By Michael Morrow
Dispatch News Service

HOUEI SAI, Laos (LNS) – This sleepy Mekong River town is as close as a journalist with any regard for his safety can get to a secret CIA outpost which is the staging area for armed reconnaisance teams being sent by the U.S. into China.

Sources close to the CIA pinpoint the staging area at a small mountain valley airstrip called Nam Lieu (Nam Yu) fifteen minutes flying time north of Houei Sai. According to the same highly reliable sources, "there is always a team in China."

The teams are armed with American small arms, a special three pound radio with a range of four hundred miles, and other special equipment. Their missions are to tap Chinese telegraph lines, watch roads and do other types of intelligence gathering. Teams have gone as far as two hundred miles into China.

Each team is said to consist of about fifteen men, most of whom are Yao hill tribesmen. Yao are used because this tribe lives in large numbers along the mountainous frontiers of Laos, Burma, Thailand and China. There are approximately two million Yao living inside China, and some of the mercenaries have family connections there. Meo and Lao Theung tribesmen are also used for similar reasons.

Like most CIA operations in Laos, the one at Man Lieu is directed from a super-secret headquarters at Udorn Airbase in Northeast Thailand. There are four Americans in Nam Lieu, however, headed by a veteran clandestine mercenary organizer named Anthony Poe. In addition to activities inside China, Poe and his team also work with hill tribesmen in the area, organizing "SGU" (special guerrilla units) and Thai Army which they direct at Xieng Lom south of Houei Sai on the Lao-Thai border.

Poe is an ex-marine non-Commissioned officer, wounded in landing at Iwo Jima, who remained in Asia after World War II. In the fifties he helped organize Tibetan CIA-aided insurgents, escorted them to Colorado for training and finally went back with them into Tibet. Later he worked in the Thai-Cambodian border area with the "Khmer Blue" anti-Sihanouk forces receiving assistance from the CIA, and in other parts of Thailand with other mercenary groups for a total of five years. He has been in and out of Laos since before the Geneva Accords of 1962, and was one of the first Americans involved in arming and training hill tribe paramilitary groups in Laos.

There are reasons to believe Poe's operations at Nam Lieu is just the tip of an iceberg of U.S. activities in

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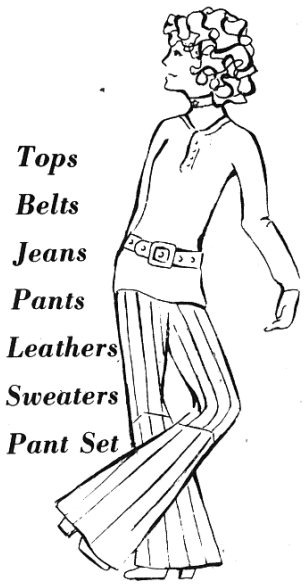
FOXMOOR
Where It's Happening



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Justice in Amerika

By Ellie Newhoff

One morning in September, 1969, Rayfield Rene Johnson, 22 years old, was on his way to work at a factory on Kingshighway. He was stopped suddenly by a woman who pointed him out to a policeman stationed nearby. He was arrested without further ado and charged with a rape which had occurred at least a month earlier in the summer of 1969.

A day or two later, Rayfield Johnson was released on $2500 bail, $250 of which he was required to post in cash. He hired a lawyer, a Mr. Bell, and awaited his first trial. Johnson was taken totally by surprise by the charges brought against him, and, according to friends felt that the prosecution caused the postponements due to a lack of evidence. The time stretched to the spring of 1970, Johnson ran out of money and stopped paying his lawyer, Mr. Bell.

On June 14, 1970, Johnson was standing in front of his apartment at 6007 Pershing at about 1:00 a.m. A police car pulled up, questioned him, and then arrested Johnson on a charge of burglary of the premises, (6007 Pershing) where no burglary had occurred. He was placed in a police line-up at the precinct station that night, picked out by a Mrs. Nancy P. Stock and charged with a rape which had occurred the morning of April 1, 1970, which, according to friends who were with him at that time, Johnson spent at home. Bond was set at $20,000 this time, the necessary $2000 of which has not yet been raised.

The trial which had been postponed several times from the previous fall was scheduled for the following day, June 15, 1970. Johnson could not appear, as he was still being held in the City Jail for the charges of burglary and rape levelled the night before. It was after being moved to the City Jail the night of June 14 that Rayfield Johnson was beaten and received a head wound which required fourteen stitches to close. By not appearing in court the next day, he forfeited the bond which he had posted in the fall of 1969.

Due to a lack of funds, Johnson was assigned a court appointed lawyer, E. Louis Werner, who, probably due to a number of reasons including an overabundance of cases to handle, has been able to do little other than implement a transfer of Johnson from the City Jail to the State Hospital at Fulton, to undergo a period of from sixty to ninety days psychiatric evaluation. Johnson writes from Fulton that it is cleaner and the food is better there, but this transfer is not doing anything to change the outcome of his case. He faces a 99 year sentence for the second charge of rape.

Rayfield Rene Johnson, black, drummer and poet, has been in jail since the night of June 14, almost 5 months, with no prospect of being released on bail unless $2000 can be raised by friends. No definite date has been set for a trial for the second charge of rape. The period of psychiatric examination has yet to yield a judgment of Johnson's sanity or insanity. In the case that he is found simultaneously insane and guilty, he will have to serve his sentence in mental institutions. He maintains that he is both innocent and sane. His friends corroborate his story.

This is neither a surprising nor an unusual situation for a black man to find himself in, here in St. Louis or elsewhere. It is unlikely that a white man would have been subjected to a false arrest for burglary as Rayfield Johnson was. It is also unlikely that a white man would be charged with as serious a crime as rape on the flimsy evidence which is being used to hold Johnson. It is likely, however, that any man would be held by the law under the circumstances that surround this case, unless he had the money necessary to free himself on bond and to protect himself with a good, expensive lawyer.

Anyone interested in contributing to Rayfield Rene Johnson's bail fund should send checks to his mother: Mrs. Ellois Johnson, 5948 Emma, St. Louis. The Black Artists' Group plans several concerts and programs to raise money for his defense. Further information concerning these will appear in this paper.

The Sun King

This morning a man died
in the Electric Chair

This morning a man died
in the Gas Chamber

Today is all those days
To me

As I die in my youth
Crying Days of Madness

Rayfield Rene Johnson

Panthers Call Convention

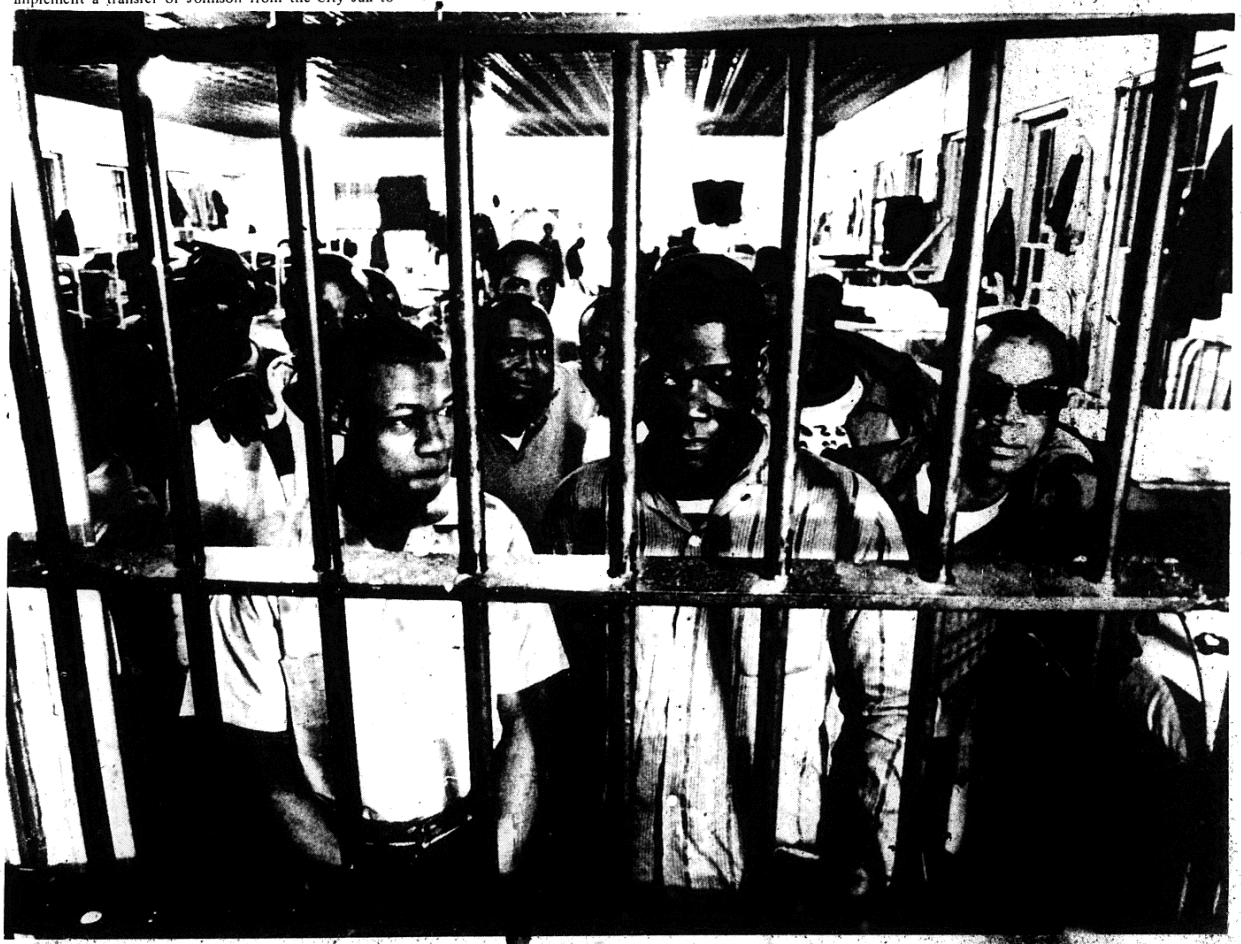
By Janice Gutman

It is not enough to fight the oppression and repression spreading over the country. We must also understand and define what we are fighting for as well as fighting against. Recognizing the importance of outlining where we are going, the Black Panther Party has called a Revolutionary Peoples' Constitutional Convention to be held in Washington, D.C. Thanksgiving weekend.

The plenary session for the convention took place on September 4-6 in Philadelphia. There, thousands of people from all parts of the country gathered to begin to write a new constitution. They talked about a document that would serve all the people instead of the small wealthy white ruling class – a document that guarantees self-determination for national minorities, women, gay people, street people, and children and puts control and use of means of production, military, police, education, land, and the legal system in the hands of the people.

This is not a simple thing! But it is important for us to share our experiences, knowledge, and visions with people from other communities and organizations, and to show our solidarity with the people's revolution.

Anyone interested in going to Washington should leave their names and phone numbers in either Left Bank or Burgdorf's bookstore. Registration, rides, and housing will be worked out collectively.



Sergio Mendes — For What It's Worth

By Fred Faust and George Lipsitz

The man from the record company calls and wants the Outlaw to do an interview with Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66. "They're getting into the underground bag," he says.

Yeah, dig it.

We kick the idea around, and after a few laughs decide to do it. We prepare some pointed questions about the group's music, and hope to find out where they stand politically (the October issue of Ramparts had an interview with some of the 44 Brazilian revolutionaries released last summer in exchange for a kidnapped ambassador).

We didn't find what we expected. Instead of the boozy, slick-talking, empty-headed playboy we anticipated, we found a sincere, candid, and serious musician.

When rehearsals for his (October 8) concert were finished, we went backstage at Kiel with Mendes, along with a guy from the Post-Dispatch and someone from Downbeat magazine. There weren't enough chairs, so we sat on the floor. The alert Mendes easily kept in mind who came from where – the well-dressed dude from the straight daily in the chair, the man from the music mag (also in coat and tie) standing in the corner, and the two of us on the floor.

The Post writer wasted 20 or 30 minutes with the usual insipid questions: When's your next album coming out, What's the name of it, What songs are on it, Guess you're on tour now, right, Have you been in St. Louis before.

Slowly we managed to get in our questions. We talked about Brazil's political climate. The remarkable thing here was that Mendes did not freeze. "Stars" have a disgusting tendency to refuse to discuss politics. They, or their managers, usually beg off by claiming they always get misquoted or that they just want to entertain, not advocate.

Mendes didn't clam up. His replies didn't exactly reflect a revolutionary spirit, nor were they notable for their originality or depth. He did point out that he only returns to Brazil once a year, so that he's "almost like a tourist" there when it comes to up-to-date knowledge of current events.

He wouldn't come out and condemn the Brazilian government, not surprising since that fascist regime financed Mendes and Brasil '65's first trip to the United States, which got them going in the big time. But neither did he denounce the revolutionaries of Brazil. He labelled their actions "extreme" but said, "They don't think they'll be heard any other way. They have a message to get across."

Mendes said he thought the revolutionaries could get their message across in less "extreme" ways. When reminded of certain obstacles to getting a message across in Brazil – like censorship of the press – Mendes repeated that the radicals thought they had no choice other than the methods they presently employ.

Asked if he thought the youth of Brazil were happy with the political atmosphere of their country, Mendes replied, "No, but then I don't think the young generation is happy anywhere in the world. There is violence here in the U.S. too. Each person has his own way to tell what he believes."

At this point the Post reporter was getting bored. To get material more relevant to his story, he asked Mendes where his boots came from.

We got into a discussion of the music industry. In response to a comment about the prices of records and concert tickets, Mendes said he dug the rock festivals and would like to play in a free festival if invited. He said he had offered the services of his group to the United Nations for a worldwide tour that would "know no flag." He wants to play in Hanoi, Moscow – anywhere to "bring people together" through his music.

We asked whether he felt that music could change social situations like poverty and imperialism. He said that culture could change individuals but to make a real difference it has to be open and accesible to everyone which it clearly isn't now.

Although still a citizen of Brazil, Mendes lives in Los Angeles. He said he came to the U.S. because it's hard for a group to go very far if it remains in Brazil. We asked if he resented the dominance of the U. S. in cultural as well as political and economic areas. He said he wasn't resentful, that it seemed natural that the U. S. is where all the action is. "I imagine it was the same in the days of the Greek and Roman empires." And Babylon.

Mendes then turned to us and said, "Now I'll interview you," and proceeded to ask what our people thought about Janis Joplin. So we rapped about Janis and Jimi.

Mendes was quite concerned about the deaths. He didn't understand why people who were successful and wealthy could be so self-destructive as to use hard drugs. We tried to explain how we felt that rock musicians were

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A Righteous Performance

By Mr. Nunchucks

Performance is a righteous flick. Tells you about the shit you live in.

Tells you about the urbane pig businessman, glistening with sweat, wrapped in gelatinous membranes to separate them from the sea of puke they're wallowing in. Living in vacuous compartments, sipping methyl ice – using tongs to manipulate the depraved shit their life style is made of. They just push the buttons. And buy the butchers with blood. And play their roles. The way things seem is quite different from the way things is.

"The gangster looks so frightening with a luger in his hand, but when he gets home to his children he's a family man. But when it comes to the nitty gritty, he can shove in his knife."

Business is business. You've got to merge. We're all part of the organization.

Chas (James Fox) was a hatchet man for capitalist Harry Flowers. Turner (Mick Jagger) used to be a magicprick rockstar. They don't fit in the organization.

Chas went mad. A little too sincere for the P-R boys of the South Africa Redevelopment Corporation. Makin' those contradictions a little too visible.

Turner's a dope freak. Perverted, too. Lives in a circle of three. Everybody kisses everybody else. All over. Long hair. The works.

They can't face it. They can't face reality. They can't groove on progress. They're out of date. And they got these demons.

Chas has got to be a man. Macho de Luxe. Never ever felt like a woman. Even if he was a little leather boy back in '56.

Turner's got this stripey little beast staring at him in his mirror. Till it went away. But then it came back. Jack the Lad. Chas.

It's time for a change. Time to bring out the sublime. Deal in essences. Achieve madness. Perform. Conjure. Talk in tongues. Burn saints. Swim in piss. Get back – further – faster. To the earth. To the inorganic hope. To the sweetness before this life. To death.

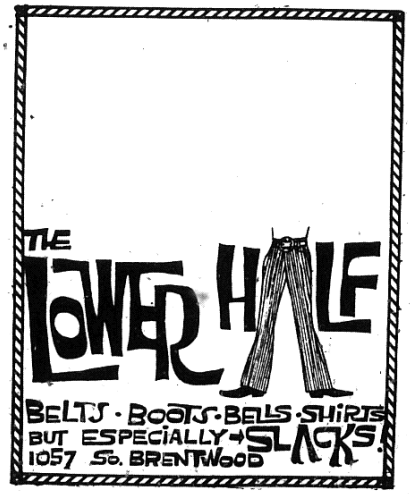
Chas and Turner succumb to the culture of death. Chas accepts his death and Turner falls in love with it. The hate built up during their life experiences in this fucked-up world is turned inward. Self-destruction. Total victory for repressive society.

That's the kind of shit we live in.

But you can be free this time around. By taking the hate and destruction society makes us feel, getting together with brothers and sisters who feel the same way, and turning that hate and destruction against the pig oppressors, not against ourselves. Destruction acted out righteously against the oppressor is pure creativity. Cleansing the mind of the self-destruction imposed by the oppressor is the process of revolution.

Free ourselves, free our brother and sisters!

Charles I love you, Harry your baby is dead. You Gentlemen, you all work for me.



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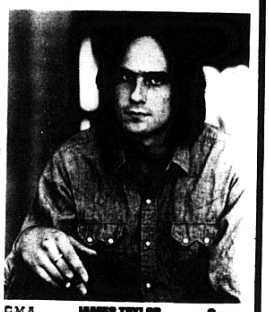

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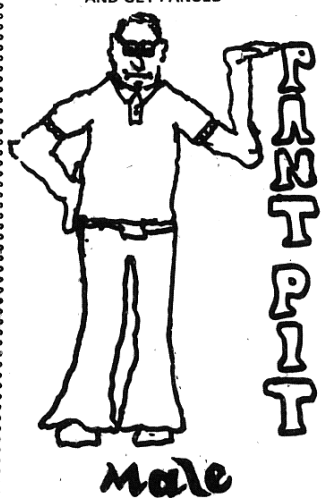

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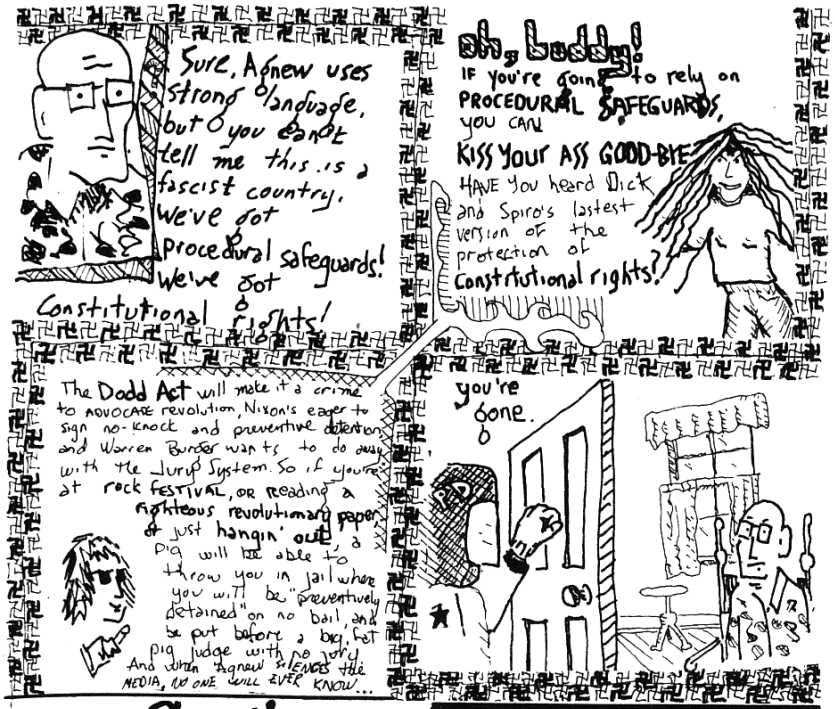

12 ← Sergio...

trapped in a system that destroyed them, but while he understood the pressures he felt that people could still resist them. His idea is that every person has a moral obligation to keep himself alive and to try to make a difference in the world.

Mendes listened attentively. When we asked *him* specifically about Janis, Mendes let loose his bombshell. Janis never did anything for him, never brought any emotional reaction in him. The greatest singer of all time was Carman McRea.

But we got into a rather heavy talk, and it was good. Mendes dug it, and he showed it. A guy from what was apparently a campus radio station came in just before the interview was over. Blundering into a pause in the middle of a deep rap, the guy turned on his tape recorder and said, "How did you get your start in show business?" Mendes replied, "Please, this is a serious discussion."

*****

There you have it. Sergio Mendes as an individual – open, warm, serious, and naive. He clings to the Woodstock myth as tenaciously and innocently as the teeny bopper half his age. Music, be it the fluff of Brasil '66 or the driving sound of Hendrix, can "bring people together" for one freaky festival or one international carnival – good vibes for a very limited amount of time. But music alone can't destroy those forces that spread us apart in the first place.

And the music of Sergio Mendes poses a special problem. It reflects the man himself, naturally, but in the macrocosm it loses its neutrality, its innocence. It's most positive element is the rhythmic complexity of Brazilian music – a cultural birthright of the Third World. However in the context of Brasil '66 it is suffocatingly over-arranged, carefully packaged into a palatable form for North American audiences. Their music serves the status quo. Those light, marshmallowy, forgettable little tunes tempt an Amerika that has already spent too much time and effort at trying to forget.

The brutal fascists who run Brazil and their Yankee superiors feel safe with the soothing nothingness of such music. But their bossa nova cannot drown out the angry cries of oppressed people throughout this hemisphere.

Women's Information Available

A packet of ten introductory articles about many aspects of Women's Liberation is available for people interested in finding out about Women's Liberation.

The packet includes articles on consciousness-raising, Third World Women, housework, statistics of the discrimination against working women, a bibliography, and a directory to St. Louis groups.

Send either a self-addressed, stamped (8 cents) envelope, or 25 cents and your name and address to:

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NEW YORK (LNS) – The publishing industry has jumped into the field of women's liberation.

A recent story in the New York Times titled "Women's Lib Wooed by Publishers," indicates the widespread impact of the movement and the great thirst among women for literature about this movement.

The book *Sexual Politics* for example, by Kate Millett, has sold 15,000 copies in only one month. Two major New York bookstores, the Times reports, have special sections on feminism, where sales are very brisk.

The Lutheran Church of America's publishing arm, Fortress Press, has recently published a book called *What You Should Know About the Women's Liberation Movement*, by Helen Eustis, which is designed for junior and senior high school students.

The influence of the women's movement is also evident in the latest paperback edition of Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*. The publishers no longer feel they have to put a naked woman on the cover to sell it.

The Times noted that "Some women's liberation books are selling despite what seems to be a lack of enthusiasm among the publisher's sales representatives, most of whom are men, and bookshop owners. 'We found a lot of resistance in the trade," said a publicity director who did not want to be identified. 'Some of our men find the subject distasteful.' "

v.d. kills

V.D. can kill you. The symptoms are often so mild you may have it and not know it. Symptoms of syphilis may be a sore on the sex organs, or on fingers, lips, or breasts. These show up ten to 90 days after infection. Gonorrhea or "the clap" produces a "burning pain" for a man when he urinates. Women seldom notice any symptoms.

Syphilis can cause:

Insanity, Paralysis, Blindness, Deafness, Heart Disease, Death.

Gonorrhea can cause:

Damage to sex organs, Sterility, Arthritis, Blindness, Death.

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801 S. Brentwood, 726-1100–County Health Department, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday.

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City Health Department – Room 18, Municipal Courts Building, 14th and Market, 644-3000.

The State of California recommends everyone under 30 to get a blood test, because V.D. is at epidemic proportions. Keep on truckin'.

S I U

By Steve Graham

Southern Illinois University in Carbondale is quiet this fall, like most other universities. And like many other universities SIU was the scene of a tremendous upheaval last spring in which students rose up to smash university complicity with U.S. imperialism in Southeast Asia.

But unlike other universities, only SIU has a $1 million Center for Vietnamese Studies (CVS), funded solely by the Agency for International Development (AID) and serving as a CIA front, as a target. And with Wesley Fishel (whom you will no doubt remember as the director of the CIA sponsored Michigan State University Group which catapulted Diem into power and established a pattern for American involvement in Southeast Asia) initially serving as chairman of the Center at SIU, the target was clearly defined; the purposes of CVS became obvious.

Despite the claims of Center officials that CVS is an independent, scholarly institution, no one doubts its intentions. As its opponents argue,

> ... SIU does not have academic competence in Vietnam; that SIU received the money anyway because academic competence isn't necessary to serve the U.S. government there; that SIU was chosen because it had served the federal government in the past; that SIU personnel are friends of the person supplying the funds [this individual is none other than AID chief John Hanna, President of Michigan State University when Fishel and the MSUG were playing counter-revolution in Vietnam.]; that SIU wanted the money it knew was available; and that the money was granted to SIU because of its conservative administration and its location in a conservative area.

The movement to off AID and Smash CVS began early last year and came to a head at the beginning of May when a week of trashing action against CVS led to the calling out of national guardsmen by Illinois Governor Ogilvie, an all-university referendum calling for the end of CVS, and the subsequent shutting down of the university. More than 6000 students had voted in the streets and at the polls to off AID.

When school began again this fall, however, and the smoke and teargas of last spring had cleared, one fact remained evident, CVS still stood. And the severe repression (over 500 arrests, the construction of an annex on the County Jail for political prisoners, and a new $2 million campus security center) that had come down made it likely that the struggle would not be resumed.

But local activists, led by Professor Doug Allen and the Southern Illinois Peace Committee along with the local chapter of the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars, held a conference in Carbondale on October 23-24. The conference attracted some of the heaviest anti-imperialist analysts in the country, including Gabriel Kolko, Douglas Dowd, Eqbal Ahmad, and Arthur Waskow. The meetings, taking the form of teach-in and informal discussion, were intended to provide an authoritative, theoretical basis for the revival of the Off AID movement.

Whether or not this intention was realized, the weekend showed that radical activists and scholars throughout the country are moving against the Center. It was also from that the conference succeeded in putting some pressure on the university administration. Fearful of renewed action against the Center, the SIU Board of Trustees fired Doug Allen, philosophy professor and principal organizer of opposition to the Center, earlier in the week for his attack on the CVS. The new president appeared at the opening of the conference to assure participants that SIU's administration was concerned over the issue and was seriously studying it from all points of view. Meanwhile, the quiet SIU campus had begun to come alive last week as a result of Allen's dismissal, and students were once again made aware of the continued importance of eliminating the CVS.

→ 19

Fontbonne Black Sisters Rise

On Saturday, October 24, 1970, the Black female students of Fontbonne College peacefully seized control of the school Library in an attempt to publicize the racism perpetuated by the administration and faculty of Fontbonne College.

The students charged that the college is insensitive and unresponsive to the needs and concerns of Black people. They accused the college of a long history of racism shown in such discriminatory practices as superficial recruitment of Black students which has resulted in a present enrollment of only 35 Black students in a student body of 750 (4.6%).

While holding the Library the students presented the following demands to the college:

1) increase in the number of Black students
2) more Black faculty and administrators
3) Black courses and a Black academic program
4) improvement of the working conditions and the wages of the non-academic Black employees
5) more Black cultural input on campus
6) an end to the psychological and physical harassment and insulting of Black people on campus
7) Facilities for use by Black students.

Not only have these demands been ignored but eight of the Black women were suspended and told to leave the campus immediately without due process and without an opportunity to obtain their personal belongings.

Further, the college administration has attempted to deny the fact that the majority of Black students as well as local and national Black organizations and leaders support and encourage the student action.

Because they consider the administration the guilty party and because they have not violated any college policies or regulations, the suspended students are refusing to participate in an administration-proposed hearing.

too many girls

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) – The following is a verbatim Associated Press dispatch from San Francisco, September 18:

"The city school district has adopted a deliberate policy of discrimination against girls.

"From now on, girls who want to attend Lowell High School, which caters to the district's top scholars, must have a 3.25 gradepoint average. Boys must have 3.0.

"Until this year, the 3.0 average applied to both boys and girls. The change was adopted, said Ralph Kauer, assistant superintendent of the district, to keep girls from overrunning Lowell. The school was running out of locker space in the girls' gymnasium dressing room."

10←

CIA

China and Burma. Take for example:

– Sources close to the CIA report that the CIA is working with Shan mercenary groups moving into China from northern Burma. According to the same sources, the Burmese government is getting assistance from the CIA mounting air-strikes on anti-government insurgent groups in the same area. This second operation is centered at Mandalay.

– Burmese border officials at the Thai-Burma border northwest of here claim there is permanent CIA "intelligence gathering activity" going on in Burma near the Chinese and Lao borders. "White Chinese" guerrillas (remnants of Chiang Kai-Shek's army forced out of China by the communist revolution) numbering 2,000 men armed with American M-1, M-2, and M-16 rifles are also said by the Burmese to be active in the same area (Chinese Communist troops are also reported by the Burmese to be in the area.)

Nung people originally from the mountains of the North Vietnamese and Chinese borders now living north of Saigon near the provincial town of Xuan Loc in South Vietnam, report some of their men have been recruited at high salaries to work in CIA-run mercenary bands on the North Vietnamese and Chinese frontiers. The Nungs are given 500,000 piasters (about U.S. $1500 at the free market rate of exchange) before they leave and another 500,000 if and when they come back six months later.

The people of Houei Sai know much more than they let on. Long a center of the opium trade, it has learned to hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil. Everyone from the bearded IVS (International Voluntary Services) volunteer and the USAID officer to the village restaurateur are part of the "team." Nobody here talks about Nam Lieu. Expressions of fear indicate the name of Tony Poe is taboo. It is not hard to understand why.

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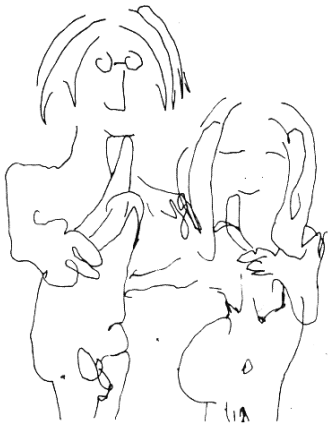

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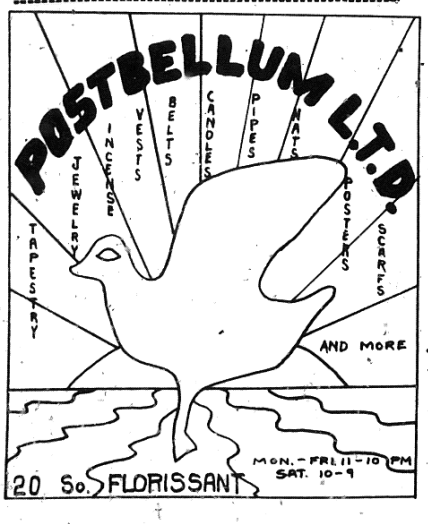

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Earth is a Satellite of the Moon

By Leonel Rugama
Liberation News Service

Leonel Rugama was a Nicaraguan stud[illegible] guerrilla. He joined the Sandinist (Liber[illegible] was killed in January of this year by th[illegible] of the U.S.-trained National Guar[illegible] house he and two others were [illegible] lasted four hours: the three [illegible] the 1,500 had all kinds of [illegible] When it was over, the [illegible] enter the house and [illegible] three [illegible] defended themselve[illegible] they ran out of [illegible] one of the last [illegible] Rigan[illegible] before he [illegible] (Translated by M[illegible]nda[illegible]

The apollo 2 [illegible] the apollo 1 [illegible] the apollo 1 [illegible]

The apol[illegible] apoll[illegible] the apo[illegible] cos[illegible] llo 1 [illegible] the ap[illegible] 1 cost e[illegible]

Th[illegible] llo 4 [illegible] th[illegible] o 3 c[illegible] more than [illegible] cost mo[illegible] the [illegible]

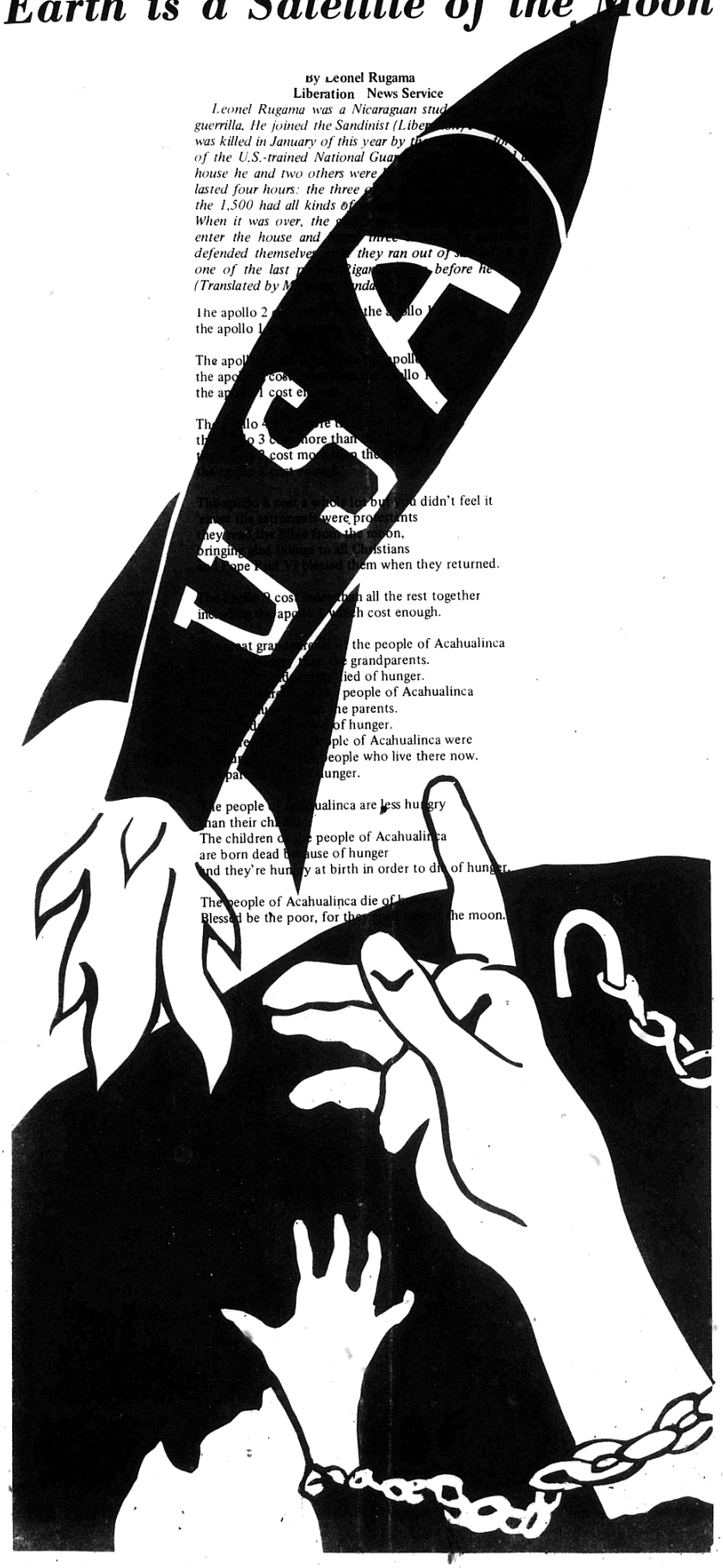
The apollo 8 cost a whole lot but you didn't feel it
cause the astronauts were protestants
they read the Bible from the moon,
bringing glad tidings to all Christians
and Pope Paul VI blessed them when they returned.

The apollo 9 cost more than all the rest together
including the apollo 1 which cost enough.

[illegible] at gra[illegible] the people of Acahualinca
[illegible] grandparents.
[illegible] died of hunger.
[illegible] people of Acahualinca
[illegible] the parents.
[illegible] of hunger.
[illegible] ple of Acahualinca were
[illegible] people who live there now.
[illegible] hunger.

The people [illegible] ualinca are less hungry
than their ch[illegible]
The children o[illegible] people of Acahualinca
are born dead b[illegible] use of hunger
and they're hun[illegible] y at birth in order to di[illegible] of hunger.

The people of Acahualinca die of [illegible]
Blessed be the poor, for the[illegible] the moon.



LAURA

By Dave Lloyd

Laura Nyro in concert is a girl and a piano. She makes an audience feel things that make them feel good – electricity, her absolute sincerity, a taste of fresh air. She gives only two musical lines, which results in a much easier balance of voice and accompaniment and a very definite lyrical impression.

Her music is a blend of almost everything that could be heard in her home town New York City, organized in quickly changing and difficult rhythms and melodies. Her voice, which ranges three octaves, is rich enough in tone and feeling and volume to communicate through lyrics which are sometimes embarrassingly personal.

Groups like the Fifth Dimension and Three Dog Night and even Peggy Lee like to record her songs because they make money, but these renditions always lose in translation what matters in the songs, reducing them to an insipid level. Her concert at Washington University October 17 included both old and new numbers, all of them very good. She returned twice for encores which included "Walk On By" and "Up On the Roof."

Her albums ("More Than a New Discovery," "Eli and the Thirteenth Confession," "New York Tendaberry") illustrate her movement away from large orchestral accompaniments toward the single piano accompaniment which works so well in concert. She is allowed more freedom and self-control than permitted by usually inconsiderate minions of the recording industry.

While taping "New York Tendaberry," the album with the least accompaniment to date, she asked Miles Davis to record a solo for one of the songs. Davis listened to the tapes and refused. He felt that it was too good, he couldn't add anything.

Milwaukee 3

MILWAUKEE, Wisc. (LNS) – Milwaukee has joined the list of cities which have killed, incarcerated or driven underground their young, revolutionary black leadership. Jesse White, 20, and Booker Collins, 22, founding members of the local branch of the National Committee to Combat Fascism (NCCF – the organizing arm of the Black Panther Party in the area), have been sentenced to up to 30 years in jail on charges of attempted murder.

The cop they supposedly attempted to murder was completely uninjured and was the only witness to the "crime." According to the police, three young Panthers fired at the cop from a Volkswagon, missing him by several feet, and were picked up minutes later.

Jesse and Booker along with Earl Leverette, were originally known as the Milwaukee 3. Earl, out on bail, disappeared after the first day of the trial – a frantic police search has failed to find him.

The trial was railroaded through in order to finish it before Spiro Agnew came to town, when some anti-Agnew, pro-Milwaukee 3 demonstrations were scheduled to come off. Before and during the trial, the establishment press worked hand and glove with the prosecution, printing a sensational series on the Panthers, calling them cop-killers and extensively quoting J. Edgar Hoover.

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OUTLAW 16

By Gail and Carl

The domination of men over women is probably the oldest and most pervasive form of oppression known to humanity. As Marx and Engels put it, the first division of labor was a sexual one created around the propragation of children, out of which grew the family as the basic instrument of female oppression. This is the patriarchal system – the theory and practice of male supremacy in all spheres of life – that is still with us today, penetrating every institution and supporting other forms of oppression such as capitalism, racism, and imperialism.

Nineteenth century socialists talked about the "woman question" as an isolated issue and believed that the liberation of women would come *after* the revolution. The family, like the state, would simply disappear in the process of building a classless society. Of the early socialists, only Engels saw the family as a unique source of women's oppression in a patriarchal society and recognized the need to develop a new more extensive strategy of revolution around it.

Engels believed that true socialism, rooted in the comenunal, social, sexual and economic activity of men and women, would be impossible without a direct attack upon the structures and ideology of patriarchy. The needs and oppression of women (who after all comprise half the human population) must provide the energy and dialectic for tearing down the old structures and building a new society. The struggle of women to achieve equality should, in Engels' mind, be a central force and not subordinate to the "larger" revolutionary struggle. Nothing short of a total social revolution, involving the end of the monogamous family, could emancipate women.

* * * *

Unfortunately, Engels' vision has never really inspired radical movements since the *Origins of the Family, Private Property and the State* first appeared in the 1880's. But then these movements were male-dominated. The "woman question" was inevitably placed on the post revolutionary agenda or denigrated altogether. Even where women were able to develop their own political forces, as with the 19th century struggle for social, legal, and political equality in England and the U.S., their critique of the family was dropped when violent male opposition to female suffrage made any further gains appear impossible.

With the 20th century Communist revolutions, the fate of women's liberation has been somewhat better but still depressing. In China, Cuba, and Vietnam, as well as in the Soviet Union, the status of women – as measured by their standard of living and better opportunities outside the home – has improved greatly. But the fact remains – there's been no real challenge to the structures and ideology of The Man. Some conception of socialism may have replaced capitalism but these countries are still male supremacist. Women have been *granted* concessions and reforms here and there, but they still in every respect are second class citizens. In Russia, the "sexual revolution" hardly got off the ground in the 1920's before it was squelched by Stalinism. Instead of undermining the decadent patriarchal order, the Soviet regime glorified the role of the family and motherhood. The return of masculinity as the ideal norm coincided with a moralistic and authoritarian approach to sex and the family in the 1930's. While material wealth has vastly increased since the Stalinist period, the position of women remains basically unchanged. The USSR is still today a patriarchal society. The family is as much intact as ever. Practically all of the "important" business remains the prerogative of men. And the sexual ethic, though loosened somewhat, is still puritanical and repressive. The situation is not much different in the other revolutionary societies.

What went wrong in these revolutions? Did Marxism fail to provide a framework of total social revolution? Specifically. One problem was that while Engels did spell out a theory of patriarchy, he did not specify any alternative structures to the family as the basic social unit of socialist society. There was no model, no concrete vision. As Trotsky put it, "you cannot abolish the family unless you have something to replace it with."

Also, earlier socialist revolutions occurred in underdeveloped and colonized countries which were often under seige and therefore placed higher priority on the goals of industrialization and national independence than on totally re-defining social relations. Women were encouraged to take up new roles in production and socialist construction while their traditional roles and status were left unchanged. Another reason why female liberation fizzled after the revolution was that the [illegible] autonomous mass based

The plain fact is that the leaders of radical movements have historically avoided or sidestepped a confrontation with patriarchy because their approach has been guided by one or another type of economism. Some have assumed that an equal distribution of resources, along with new employment opportunities ("getting more women into the work force"), will eventually lead to female emancipation. This is the patronizing kind of reformism still popular today among men, both radicals and liberals. The other type of economism is more "revolutionary", since it wants total change in the capitalist mode of production, but still limited to the economic sphere. It assumes that all changes here will trigger changes in social and power relations. This is popular among academic Marxists.

All of this fails to see that unless *every* repressive institution (and idea) of bourgeois society, including those that repress women, is *directly* attacked, the task of socialist revolution is hardly begun. A socialism that does not extend to half of humanity is no socialism! As Engels' analysis suggests, a strategy is needed that confronts *both* the family and the mode of production, *both* ideologies and structures.

Perhaps such a "total" approach is possible only in highly developed capitalist societies, where material abundance and technology can be harnessed for liberating purposes, where industrialization and national self-determination are not all-encompassing priorities. Here, perhaps, we can apply for the first time the strategy and vision of radical feminism.

If we look at the growth of a strong women's liberation movement in Amerika today in this light, the idea of sexual politics is truly explosive! . . . demanding a new kind of socialism of unprecedented proportions. Already, female liberation has expanded the mind and spirit of the Amerikan radical movement, leaping beyond the old boundaries and the negativism of the anti-war movement.

It is raising new and vital issues – about the role of the family and the sexual division of labor, the oppressive nature of masculine values, a vision of communal existence to replace the monogamous family, the relationship of politics to personal experience, etc., etc. Above all, women have made all of us recognize that sexism is as integral to the whole system of pig values as racism and imperialism, and that it has totally infested us right at home in our own movement. No longer can we talk about "women's lib" as the modern equivalent of the "woman question." Women's liberation, like the black and Third World struggles on their own ground, is in the vanguard of attacking the core of the bourgeois/racist patriarchal/imperialist order in the U.S.

* * * *

Thrown into this context, Kate Millet's *Sexual Politics* is a timely event, speaking directly to the oppression of women in every male-dominated society (i.e. all societies). With beautiful sophistication she has developed a theory of patriarchal society even more refined and extensive than Engels' work – one that will guide the women's liberation movement for some time to come.

Millett begins by stressing the existence of different forms of human oppression – political, economic, racial, sexual – that are true for all societies. The most rigorous and universal form of domination is the sexual, which operates according to the "birthright priority whereby males rule females." Patriarchal societies are thus male-dominated, built and sustained by males, in which all institutions are in male hands – political, military, financial, cultural, social. Male supremacy permeates every institution, practice, and value system in a patriarchal society. It cuts across all other types of domination – political, economic, racial.

In order to justify this power relationship between the sexes, the ideology of patriarchy evolves as a kind of control mechanism. It keeps women in their place. According to this ideology, men are strong, aggressive, intelligent, active. "Maleness" often takes on a kind of Nietschean "will to power," in which force, violence, and power are highly valued. In other cases, masculinity is expressed by indifference, cruelty, or egoism – with the woman of course always on the receiving end.

According to the patriarchal tradition, which goes back in the West at least to beginnings of Judaism and Christianity, man expresses his dominance through sexuality. For man, sexuality means power. "Intercourse is an assertion of mastery." The penis is an instrument of conquest. The female is correspondingly passive, empty, and masochistic. She needs man to protect her and provide her with status, identity, and economic support, while she caters to his ego and refrains from too much public display of her intelligence.

Masculine ideology pushed to its extreme limits can be found in fascist politics and in present-day U.S. imperialism. The male warrior mentality exalts militarism and equates sexuality with violence. The female is viewed as the source of all suffering and evil, an outgrowth of Original Sin and the myth of the Fall. In

that men can scrutinize, manipulate, or purchase. As Millett writes, "Like blacks, women are permitted to have status as public sex objects. Women can entertain, please, and satisfy men as 'stars'." This completes the cycle of dehumanization.

As in every system of oppression, the male rulers resort to brute force where ideas fail as useful levers of control. In partiarchy, subjugation of women is ensured by the legal system, depriving her of equal rights in marriage and control over her body, and by placing all the agencies of violence in the hands of men. After all, coercion and violence *are* male prerogatives. That's why the thousands of forcible sexual conquests (rapes) committed every day in Amerikan society are the "prerogative" of men.

Patriarchal society rests upon the foundation of the family, an essentially feudal institution where the male has total ownership of property and children and provides financial support for his wife in exchange for sex and domestic services. The family is "the citadel of property and traditional interests," closely linked to the larger society and particularly the economic system. Aside from its reproductive functions, the monogamous family is a crucial social mechanism for reinforcing dominant values. By transforming women and children into private property (super-exploiting millions of housewives for long hours of unpaid work), the family destroys the possibility of authentic human relations and encourages an empty and repressed sexuality. Radical change is unthinkable without seriously confronting this basic social and economic unit.

According to Millett, sexism originates in caste-type social divisions that are oppressive economically and psychologically. Like racism, sexism operates independent of class, though each type of oppression may reinforce the other. Therefore, though all working people may suffer class oppression under capitalism, women, like blacks, are also oppressed *within* the working class.

This is a qualitatively different kind of oppression. Millett writes "Thrown upon their own resources, few women rise above working class in personal prestige and economic power, and women as a group do not enjoy many of the interests and benefits any class may offer its male members." Most women are inevitably robbed of their own identity and sense of security by their need to survive economically through their men. Where females do enter the work force, they have little chance of making it beyond the level of the "secretarial proletariat."

Millett's analysis suggests that the entire sexual caste system, including the institution of the nuclear family, must go if we are to finally achieve women's liberation – not to mention socialism. Following Engels, she believes that capitalism must be replaced by communal ownership of the means of production. But that is not enough. Like racism, sexual oppression is based upon biological and social rather than strictly economic characteristics. The whole patriarchal system must be eliminated, and this demands a larger and separate struggle. We must begin to talk about a total cultural revolution.

What are the goals, strategies, and structures of this revolution? Here we can only draw on a number of implications and suggestions that emerge from Millett's book, since she doesn't explore these issues deeply. She obviously has in mind a vision of true sexual, social and economic equality, which means the elimination of all repressive structures, practices, beliefs, taboos. Free and equal human relationships, free and equal sexuality. The integration of the separate sexual subcultures, with the "masculine" values of intelligence, creativity, etc. and the "feminine" values of sensitivity; service, etc. be shared by all. Childrearing, like all other human activities, would be collective. No ownership of private property, no dependency relationships.

Presumably, some kind of communal living and work structures would emerge with the end of patriarchal bourgeois society, but Millett does not deal with this in any detail. What is definite is that the contemporary womens' liberation struggle is very closely linked to the creation of a truly communal society.

* * * *

Another lesson we can draw from Millett's analysis – one that many women have already learned from their own practical experiences in movement politics – is that radical feminists must build a separate movement and define their own issues and strategies. As Eldridge Cleaver says, the struggle for black liberation is part of the struggle for the liberation of all peoples, but blacks must create their own movement around their own identity and oppression. The same must be true of the women's struggle.

So far, the response of white male radicals to women's liberation has been to treat it as an "interest group" within the "larger" movement. But more and more women are finding that their own identity, concerns, and commitments cannot be expressed

Leila Khaled Hovers over Israel . . .

8←

afraid." A little later I scratched my head with the grenade to show him just how familiar with it I was, but I doubt whether he was reassured.

15.55 hours. Compass bearing 140 degrees

There were long, uneventful periods during this eventful flight that were punctuated only by the messages I broadcast to the countries we flew past or over--Italy, Greece, the UAR, Lebanon and Syria. These messages explained what we had done and appealed for support "for the just struggle of the Palestinian people," and ended with the words, "Down with U.S. Imperialism and Zionism. We will win." The co-pilot looked at me angrily every time I mentioned America.

I also spoke, spontaneously, to the passengers over the intercom to explain our struggle. "We have hijacked this plane because we want to cut the roots that feed Israel. Don't go to Israel because there is resistance on land and en route: tell this to your friends. We want to go back to our country and we can live with the Jews because we lived with them before." We tried to explain things to the crew but they were an unreceptive audience.

16.10 hours. Compass bearing 112 degrees

The exchange of messages I had with Cairo Airport, in Arabic, was amusing. They were flabbergasted when a woman's voice told them what had happened and where we were going. I first had to tell them that I wouldn't respond till they used our own call sign. Then, the breathless response came from Cairo something like this: "You Popular you Front you Free you Arab you Palestine! Why-are-you-going-to-Israel?" And I replied, "Yes, we are going to Israel, to liberate it!"

Soon after this, things became serious as we began our descent to Lydda. Of course, we had no intention of landing there--that possibility was the one thing that worried us. But we wanted to fly over our enemy's city just to show him we could do it.

"Descend to one-two-zero," I told the pilot and the co-pilot chipped in, "You mean twelve thousand feet?" "You know what I mean." So we began the long descent and out of the haze the coast of Palestine gradually grew clearer. "What shall we do when we get to 12,000?" the pilot asked. "Let's have a round twice,"I replied and made a swinging gesture with my left hand and the pilot's eyes, as always, followed the grenade; "we want to have a picnic over our land," I said.

Needless to say, my exchanges with Lydda airport were not friendly. The controller was very excited and shouted at me angrily the whole time. Having switched to the Lydda wavelength, I first read a message in Arabic for our people in Occupied Palestine. I tried to speak to the airport tower in Arabic but they wouldn't reply. "TWA 840?" they kept calling, so I responded, "Shut up! This is Popular Front Free Arab Palestine. We will not respond unless you use this call sign. We are coming down. We are landing. Give us space."

I said this just to frighten them, because I don't think the Israelis wanted us to land any more than we wanted to land there. My words seemed to have had the desired effect because Lydda tower shouted back, "Don't come down, don't come down, or else we'll send Mirages to shoot you down."

And I told them: "Here is Free Arab Palestine. What can you do about it? I don't care for my life. This is our land. We want to die over our land. But you will be responsible for the lives of the crew and passengers."(While all this was going on at about 20,000 feet, my friend held the intercom microphone near my mouth so that the passengers could hear the exchange, which couldn't have been very comforting for them.)

There were more threats of Mirages from the ground and when I glanced ahead there they were, two of them, just in front of us. We were still descending, but the captain said to me, "We can't descend any more. It's too dangerous with these Mirages in front." This evidently, was how the Israelis were trying to prevent us from landing. The co-pilot then asked to speak to Lydda. He explained to them:

"We have to follow her orders and descend or else the aircraft will be blown up. Clear the air. And don't keep calling TWA 840. This is Popular Front." Perhaps because of his words, the Mirages moved out a little, though they still stayed with us and we descended to 12,000. We then did three big turns over Lydda and Tel Aviv. We were seven minutes in all over Tel Aviv: enough to make our point. My final message to Lydda, just to keep them worrying, was, "Bye bye for now, but we are coming back!"

17.12 hours. Compass bearing 350 degrees

I gave the pilot a compass reading for a course due north and he suggested that we climb because we were using up too much fuel at 12,000 feet. I told him to go up to 25,000.

In a very few minutes Haifa was before us--the hump of Mount Carmel, the harbour below it and over to the right the oil tanks and the cement factory with its long plume of white smoke. "This is my city," I told the crew. "Take a good look at it. This is where I was born."

From maps I had a rough idea of the area in which our house stood and I think I identified this area but the city slipped away beneath us much too quickly. I felt like asking the pilot to make a turn over my home town so that I could have a better look at it but we were really running low on fuel and every minute counted now.

Just that fleeting glimpse, and a few dim childhood memories are all that link me directly, personally, with my home in Palestine. I was born in April, 1944, so I was just under four when my mother, with us eight children, left Haifa some time in March 1948. I remember a staircase: one day there was a man with blood all over his face lying under the stairs. My mother says he died there, one of the victims of the battle for Haifa between the Arabs and the Zionists that was going on all round our house.

My father was away from home, with the Arab fighters, but when he came home, a week before we left, and found that my mother had packed up things to leave, he ordered her to unpack everything because we were not going to leave, then or ever.

But the street fighting increased, most of the other women and children left, the Zionists were advancing and they were ordering us to leave over their loudspeakers. Many, many, times in the following years we asked our mother why she had left and she would tell us that she was forced to.

Certainly there was a lot of fighting in the nearby streets and she was alone with eight children: the first taxi we sent for was hit and set on fire and I remember there was shooting very close to us as we got into the second taxi. We left in a confused hurry with little more than what we stood up in.

That was how my family became "refugees." But no Palestinian is really a "refugee". We are displaced persons or evictees. For if we were refugees and had found refuge, we would not want to go back to what we had left. Because we didn't leave of our own free will, but were pushed out according to a deliberate Zionist plan, we do want to go back, but haven't been allowed to. This determination to return makes us Palestinians unique among all the "refugees" of the world.

As the plane crossed the frontier between Israel and Lebanon, the co-pilot, looking rather worried, asked, "Are we going to Beirut?" "That is none of your business,"I told him. "We don't have much fuel left, you know," he replied. "I know that, and I also know how to swim, should anything happen."

I, too, was worried about our fuel situation but I was also tremendously excited as we flew over the beautiful blue bay that lies beyond Ras Nakura. On the point opposite the Ras is Tyre which is where we have lived since leaving Palestine. Our apartment is almost on the beach and I thought I could just about pick it out. Little did my mother know that one of her daughters was flying high above her head. I visited her on my last evening in Lebanon and even told her I would be home for dinner. I knew she would be anxious but I had to keep things secret. I had also left the usual farewell letter in case something happened.

I could see the waves breaking on the beach where I had learned to swim. That is how we passed our time. Tyre had no cinemas then and we had no money to go to them even if there had been any. Away to the right, at the head of this splendid bay is what looks like a town but is really a camp for Palestinian refugees, 9,000 in all. For [illegible] years such camps have been the new homela[illegible] our people.

Wh[illegible]e arrived at Tyre we were a family of destitutes and destitutes we remained for ten years. In Haifa my father was not a rich man but we were reasonably comfortable: he was a textile merchant and he also owned a small cafe and rented out a couple of shops. He lost all this, of course; but what was really bad was that, like many others, he got nothing of the money he had in the bank, even though it was a British bank.

There was so much confusion when the Zionists captured Palestine that for several months we had no word of my father and we gave him up for dead. He ended up in Egypt. This was not an unusual occurrence: I know of many families who were scattered like this into the neighboring Arab countries.

My father was a sick man when we saw him again, with high blood pressure and a bad heart. But what he was really suffering from was the loss of his home and his work. Again, this was not unusual. I know of several other men of my father's age whose health was broken because their careers were broken. Perhaps he should have struggled on. Many Palestinians have made a success of their new lives and when we do so that too is held against us: "refugees" just can't win.

My father was bedridden for the last five years of his life: he died in 1966. Fortunately my mother is originally from Tyre so for the first year we lived with one of her uncles. Then we moved into a two-roomed house in which we lived for the next 10 years, and by that time there were 14 in the family.

Crowded wasn't the word for it. But still, we were luckier than the others living in tents. During the winter storms my friends wouldn't come to school because their tents had been blown down. The small brother of one of my friends was washed away by a flood which tore through the camp.

The only regular cash coming in was a monthly payment to us of 100 Lebanese pounds [$31.20 dollars] by my mother's uncle which doesn't go far with 14 people.

Also, we had to register as refugees with the UN. We received rations from the UN Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA). But UNRWA itself says that it can't afford anything more than a bare subsistence of 1,500 calories a day.

But hunger one can learn to bear; what was unbearable was the humiliation of having to stand in line with our cans and sacks to collect our rations as "bakhshish". We had become beggars, just beggars, with our begging bowls in our hands, except that the alms came from UN and not from individuals. In the photos UNRWA has of ration distribution you will see few adults in the queues. They can't bear to go, so they send the children, as was the case with us. When my sisters began working as school teachers in 1957, UNRWA cut our rations, which was a blow, but we felt happier for being less dependent.

The best thing UNRWA has done for the Palestinians is to provide them with education. I liked school very much, I think we all did, because it was the only place where we could show that we were still human beings and not just a number on a ration roll. I first went to an Anglican school in Tyre and then to an American missionary school in the neighboring town of Sidon on a UNRWA scholarship.

I won another scholarship to the American University of Beirut where I planned to become a pharmacist, which is a good profession for a girl in this part of the world. The scholarship was not sufficient to cover all the cost of living in Beirut and my family couldn't help . So I could only stay a year at the University, and having to leave was the biggest disappointment I've faced so far.

I took a job as a teacher of English in Kuwait and did this for six years. I don't particularly like teaching but I had to start earning in order to help the family. One of my brothers got his degree in engineering and is working in Abu Dhabi in the Arabian Gulf, and another brother, who graduated in business administration, is working in a bank, also in Abu Dhabi.

With all our contributions the family is comfortable once again. We can now afford to send one of my younger sisters to the University but how ironical this is! – she's more interested in becoming a *fedai*. (a Palestinian resistance fighter). One of my brothers and I are full-time *fedayeen*.

Many of our Lebanese friends ask my mother, "Do you really want to go back to Haifa after all these years?" And my mother answers, "Yes, I'd go tomorrow. It's true we have had a hard time and now things have become easy: we have a pleasant apartment, enough to eat, funds for the children's education and extras like TV. What is more, I'm Lebanese from Tyre. So I'm not a stranger, but I'm at home. Lebanon is my country but it is not my place, my place is Haifa."

And my friends ask whether I want to return to a country I barely know since I left Palestine as a small child. And my answer is "Yes,"because I too have learned that while I will never be a stranger in any Arab country, I can never be at home.

3← QUEBEC

newspaper that is generally pro-separatist

*leaders of the moderate Parti Quebecois, a separatist group that won 25percent of the vote in the last provincial elections; the P.Q. is in no sense a radical organization, although in conservative rural Quebec it represents the most progressive force: and all the P.Q. leaders arrested were from rural areas.

*activists from community organizing projects and civic action groups in the poor working-class (French) districts of Montreal, including a doctor who worked with a People's Medical Clinic, and who was running for alderman in the upcoming municipal elections.

The Government has released the names of very few of the people caught in the repressive dragnet; their arrests were discovered after friends found they had simply disappeared, wouldn't answer their phones, or had their doors broken down.

Robert Bourassa himself, the premier of Quebec, said publicly that the repression unleashed by the War Measures Act was aimed as much at finding the kidnappers -- two of whom were named by police and are being sought in a Canada-wide manhunt -- as at "the danger of mass demonstrations."

Manifesto

3←

And you, workers of General Electric, it is you who make your factories turn; you alone are capable of producing; without you, General Electric is nothing!

Working people of Quebec, begin to take back what belongs to you; take yourselves what is yours. You alone know your factories, your machines, your hotels, your universities, your unions; do not wait for a miracle organization.

Make your revolution yourselves, in your neighborhoods, in your work-places. And if you do not make it yourselves, more usurpers, technocrats or others will replace the handful of cigar-puffers we now know, and everything will have to be done over again. You alone can build a free society.

We must fight, no longer one by one, but together, until victory, with all the means at our disposal, as did the patriots of 1837-38 (those whom our holy mother Church hastened to excommunicate, the better to sell itself to British interests).

Let all those, in every corner of Quebec, scornfully dismissed as 'lousy French' and drunkards, take up with vigor the battle against the club-smashers of freedom and justice, and strip their power to harm from the professionals of hold-ups and fraud: bankers, businessmen, judges, soldout politicians...

We are Quebecois working people and we will go to the end. We want, with all the people, to replace this slave society with a free society, functioning of itself and for itself, a society open to the world.

Our struggle can only be victorious. Not for long can they hold in misery and scorn a people that is awakened.

Vive le Quebec Libre!
Vivent les camarades prisonniers politiques!
Vive la revolution quebecoise!
Vive le front de liberation du Quebec!

History

3←

districts of Montreal, are part of that overground movement.

Underground work has largely been carried out by the Front for the Liberation of Quebec; there are also other underground groups not so well publicized by the mass media. The FLQ has passed through three distinct political phases: when it was first organized in 1963, it was a loose federation of people, not all of whom were socialists. They bombed mailboxes, post offices, and other symbols of Canadian federal government. They had very little popular support and didn't last very long. In 1966 the FLQ re-organized, with a much more socialist orientation. Two of its theoretical spokesmen, Pierre Vallieres and Charles Gagnon, were arrested without charge and held in "preventive detention" for three years, and finally were released on bail with growing popular support at the beginning of this year. The 1966 FLQ began to bomb empty American factories in support of workers' strikes. The most recent organization, "FLQ '70," is even more socialist in politics, and has attacked such symbols of colonial, capitalist control of Quebec as banks, the homes of certain English capitalists, and the stock exchange.

In certain ways, Quebec has been a fascist state for quite a while -- in its violent history of repressed strikes, in its perpetration of reactionary social structures, in its anti-democratic legislation. But the enactment of the Emergency War Measures Act in October, 1970, has now openly exposed the police state tactics that have been used all along. The Act prohibits demonstrations, bans all seditious literature, and authorizes the arrest of anyone suspected of carrying out FLQ activities -- without charges, bail, lawyers, etc. The Act can remain in force at least until April 30 with no further approval and it is not clear how much longer than that the Government will need to maintain open fascism. This massive repression -- coming at the same time as developments like the 25 indictments of Kent State students and teachers -- is intimately connected with the repression that Americans must prepare themselves for in the U.S. For this reason it is necessary that, as the Quebec movement understands the role of the United States, so must the American movement understand what is happening in Quebec, and solidarity between the movements must continue to cross the border between our countries. Vive le Quebec libre!

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GARY BENNETT 7 - 12 MIDNIGHT MONDAY - FRIDAY

Help Cairo Blacks

The United Front of Cairo, Illinois, has asked supporters in the St. Louis area to send food, clothing, and money to help the black people there "overcome the winter aggression of the white vigilantes." The plea was made October 28 by Front leader, Charles Koen at a press conference in St. Louis.

Appearing at the CORE office with CORE leader, Henry Thomas, Koen explained that Cairo blacks would be facing state and federal pressures in addition to the violence they have already suffered from local whites. There have been calls for a federal grand jury "investigation" of the racial conflict in the southern Illinois town. Governor Richard Ogilvie recently sent state troopers and an armor-plated personnel carrier to Cairo.

Koen attacked the Illinois governor as a racist, saying that "anything he says or does now will reflect his pattern of racist actions against black people." Koen said Ogilvie, U.S. Senator Ralph Smith, and Cairo Mayor Pete Thomas work hand in glove with the white citizens council to oppress and intimidate black citizens.

When questioned about black unity in Cairo, Koen replied that skeptics should talk to the white merchants. The United Front-led boycott of the merchants of downtown Cairo, now in its twentieth month, has cut receipts by two-thirds, according to Koen.

Koen spent considerable time in a vehement denunciation of the straight press in St. Louis. Both the Globe and the Post-Dispatch have issued editorial attacks on Koen and the United Front. The Globe called Rev. Koen "Cairo's Main Problem." The Post said "So now the Cairo United Front and its director, Charles Koen, appear to seek, not a redress of grievances, but some kind of unspecified 'liberation,' to be achieved through a reign of terror."

The editorial attacks followed an incident late in the night of October 23, when the Cairo police station was fired on, reportedly by black "guerrillas." Koen denied [illegible]

[illegible]

Charles Koen of the United Front argues with Cairo Mayor Pete Thomas

were brothers who had been framed on various charges by local authorities. Koen did not refer to them as "guerrillas" nor did he claim that they or any others were responsible for the police station attack.

In response to a question about white violence Koen said there was no difference between the vigilantes of the white citizens council and the police except that the [illegible] businesses, homes, and places of employment.

[illegible] of Cairo for a Black Spirit Thanksgiving to help the blacks overcome the bitter winter months of the aggression of local, state and federal officials against our people."

Money can be sent to the Cairo United Front, 314 14th Street, Cairo, Illinois, 62914. Food and clothing can be left at the CORE office, 1502 N. Union St., St. Louis between 9 and 5. Call CORE at 367-4066 for further information.

Vigilantes struck at black tavern October 23.

Carbondale . . .

13←

It is in this context that the weekend conference must be seen. Scholars and academic theorists came to join with SIU radicals in attacking CVS as an imperialist institution. No one claimed "scholarly objectivity" or apolitical opposition – it was clearly a political act for scholars and activists alike. Dowd called for students to "gum up the works until the Center can no longer function." Kolko urged everyone to "do whatever is necessary to eliminate the Center for Vietnamese Studies." Others demanded that scholars accept responsibility for their academic work and its consequences. And the chairman of the Vietnamese students in America anti-war group demanded that America stop laying waste to his country and his people.

The conference hopefully represents the renewal of the struggle to close the SIU CVS. It also shows the possibilities for creating far-ranging coalitions between community- based radical groups(CRV), student radicals (Southern Illinois Peace Committee), and radical scholars (CCAS) for the common goal of opposing U.S. imperialism. Only when these groups (and others like them) begin relating effectively to their constituencies and mobilizing them for ongoing struggles against imperialist institutions, can a broad-based anti-imperialist movement be built.

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Calendar

This is a list of things to do and places to go in St. Louis. Listing here does not mean endorsement by the Outlaw. If your group is scheduling an event between November 24 and December 14 which you would like listed in the Outlaw, send the appropriate information to us at P.O. Box 9501, Cabanne Station, 5930 Delmar, St. Louis Missouri, 63161.

November 5

Films – Hiroshima Nagasaki, The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail, City Art Museum, 3pm and 8pm.

Theater – Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris, Loretto-Hilton Center, 8:30pm.

Theater – Pinocchio, American Theater.

Theater – Fools and Lovers from Shakespeare, Forest Park Community College, Room T-204, 2pm.

Music? – Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians, Kiel Auditorium.

November 6

Theater – Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris, Loretto-Hilton Center, 8:30pm.

Theater – Pinocchio, American Theater.

Films – Robert Downey's Films, Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.

Theater – Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Forest Park Community College, 8:30pm.

Dramatic Readings: Me, We, and Them, Black Artist Group, 2665 Washington.

November 7

Films- Robert Downey's Films, Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.

Theater – Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris, Loretto-Hilton Center, 6 and 9:30pm.

Theater – Pinocchio, American Theater.

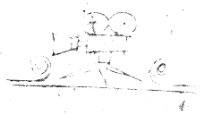
Theater – Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Forest Park Community College, 8:30pm.

Talk – J.B.S. Chardin, The Silver Goblet, Thelma Stockho, City Art Museum 11am.

Velvet Plastic Ball – Love, W.U. Field House.

Music – Jethro Tull, Mott the Hoople, Kiel Opera House, 3 and 7:30pm.

Music – Porter Wagoner, Roy Clark, Dolly Parton, Jim Ed Brown, the great Tom T. Hall, the Stonemans, the Kendalls, Kiel Auditorium, 2 and 7:30pm.



Lecture – Minerals, Paul E. Desautels, City Art Museum 3pm.

Theater – Pinocchio, American Theater.

Theater – Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Forest Park Community College, 8:30pm.

Music – Places I've Been, contemporary folk music, Loretto Hilton Center, 2pm.

November 9

Theater – Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Forest Park Community College, 8:30pm.

Film – Big Country, Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U., 8pm.

November 10

Lecture – The Graphic Work of Edvard Munch, Harold Joachim, 8pm. City Art Museum

Theater – Les Ballet Africains, American Theater.

November 11

Theater – The Slave by Leroi Jones and Comings and Goings by Meagan Terry, Florissant Valley Community College.

Theater – Les Ballet Africains, American Theater.

Film – Pursuit of Happiness, Steinberg Hall, Washington U., 8pm.

November 12

Talk – Tour of the European Period Rooms, Thelma Stockho, City Art Museum, 11am.

Film – Fires on the Plain, City Art Museum, 3 and 8 pm.

Hockey – St. Louis Blues vs. Detroit Red Wings featuring Ted Lindsay, Arena, 8pm.

Theater – The Slave by Leroi Jones and Comings and Goings by Meagan Terry, Florissant Theater – Les Ballet Africains, American Theater.

November 13

Black Artists Group presents Kalparusha Diffda and the Light, AACM Group, B.A.G. Room, 2665 Washington Avenue, 10 pm to 2 am.

Film – Once Upon A Time in the West, Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.

Theater – The Slave by Leroi Jones and Comings and Goings by Meagan Terry, Florissant Valley Community College, 8:30pm.

Theater – Les Ballet Africains, American Theater.

Music – St. Louis Symphony, Sergiu Comissiona, Conductor; Henryk Szeryng, Violinist; Rossini – Overture to "Semiramide", Schumann-Violin Concerto, Tchaikovsky-Manfred Symphony; Powell Hall at 1:30pm.

November 14

Black Artist Group presents Kalparusha Diffda and the Light, AACM Group, B.A.G. Room, 2665 Washington Avenue, 10pm to 2 am.

Music – St. Louis Symphony, Sergiu Comissiona, Conductor; Henryk Szeryng, Violinist; Rossini – Overture to "Semiramide", Schumann – Violin Concerto, Tchaikovsky – Manfred Symphony; Powell Hall, 8:30pm.

Theater – Les Ballet Africains, American Theater

Theater – Mark Twain Tonight! with Hal Holbrook, Kiel Opera House, 8:30 pm.

Film – Once Upon A Time in the West – Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U.

Hockey – St. Louis Blues vs. Montreal Canadians featuring Lou Fontinato, Arena, 8pm.

November 15

Music – Ray Charles Show, Kiel Opera House, 7:30pm.

Black Artist Group presents Kalparusha Diffda and the Light, AACM group, B.A.G. Room, 2665 Washington Avenue, 6pm to 10pm.

Film – Art of Japan, City Art Museum, 3pm.

Film – The Films of Buster Keaton, Loretto-Hilton Center, 2pm.

November 16

The Parade usually scheduled for November 16 has been cancelled.

November 17

Lecture – New Directions in Museum Education, City Art Museum, 8pm.

Film – The Hour of the Wolf (Sweden), Florissant Valley Community College, Instructional Resources Building, 7 and 9:30pm.

Hockey – St. Louis Blues vs. Minnesota North Stars featuring Leo Boivin, Arena, 8pm.

November 18

Film – The Smile of Reason, Steinberg Hall, Washington U., 8pm.

Music – Stage Band Concert, directed by Ronald Stilwell, Student Center, Meramec Community College, 8pm.

November 19

St. Louis Symphony, Sergiu Comissiona, Conductor; Nathan Millstein, Violinist; Enesco – Suite No. 1, Schubert – Symphony No. 6, Brahms–Violin Concerto; Powell Hall, 8:30pm.

Film – Seven Samurai, City Art Museum, 3 and 8 pm.

November 20

Film – Medium Cool, Wohl Cafeteria, Washington University.

November 21

Music – St. Louis Symphony, Sergiu Comissiona, Conductor; Nathan Millstein, Violinists; Enesco – Suite No. 1, Schubert – Symphony No.6, Brahms - Violin Concerto; Powell Hall, 8:30pm.

Film – Medium Cool, Wohl Cafeteria, Washington U., 8pm.

Hockey – St. Louis Blues vs. Chicago Black Hawks featuring Ken Wharram, Arena, 8pm.

November 22

Film – Art of Japan, City Art Museum, 3pm.

Music – St. Louis Symphony, Leonard Slatkin, Conductor; All Tchaikovsky Program; Powell Hall, 3pm.

November 23

Lecture – Julian Bond, Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville, Illinois.

November 24

Theater – The San Francisco Mime Troupe, Graham Chapel, Washington U., 8pm.

Lecture – Robert Scheer, Graham Chapel, Washington U., 3pm.

Hockey – St. Louis Blues vs. Boston Bruins featuring Bronco Horvath, Arena, 8pm.

Theater – Charles Dickens with Emlyn Williams, American Theater.

Important Phone Numbers

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